THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An [illegible]trated Weekly Magazine
[illegible] A° D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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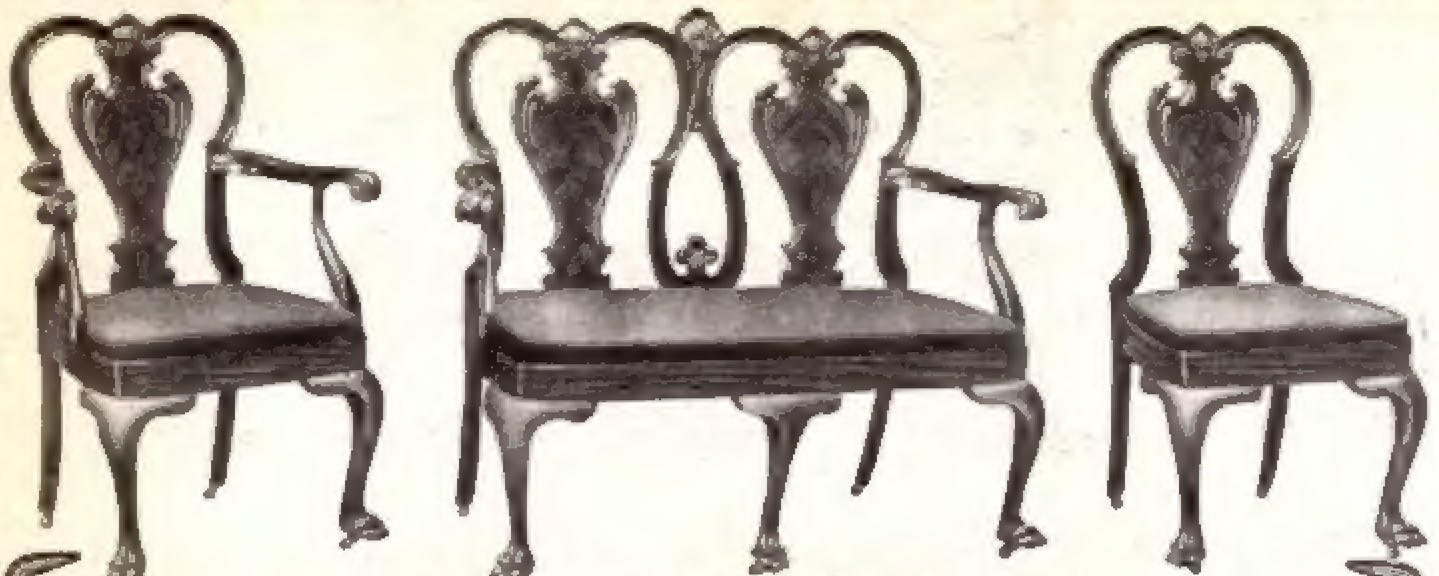
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



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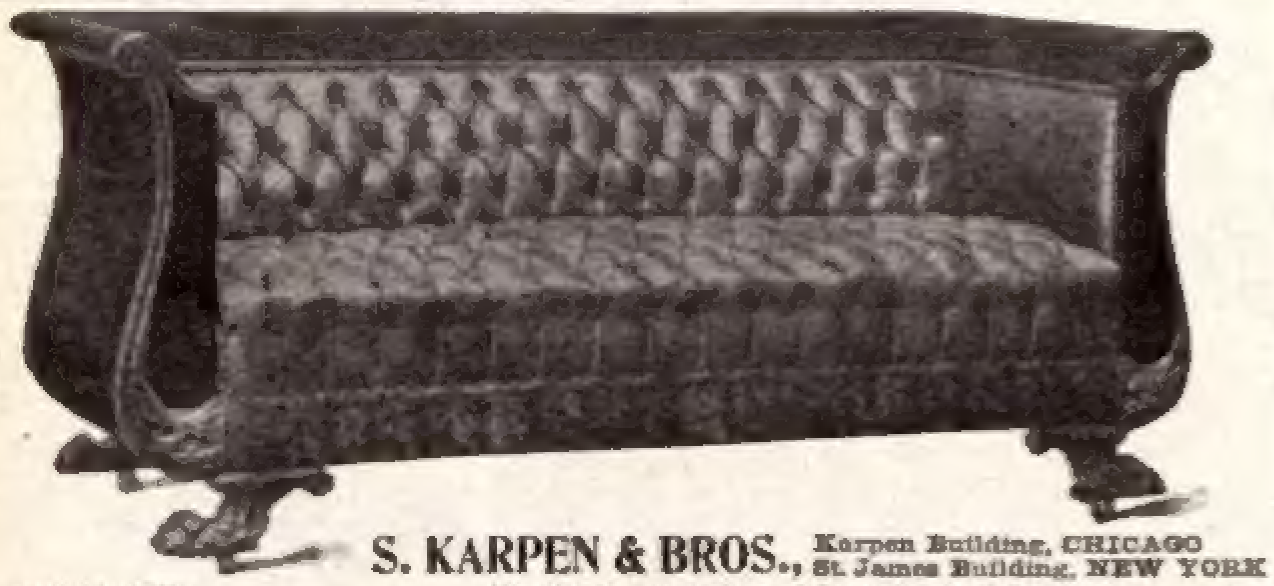

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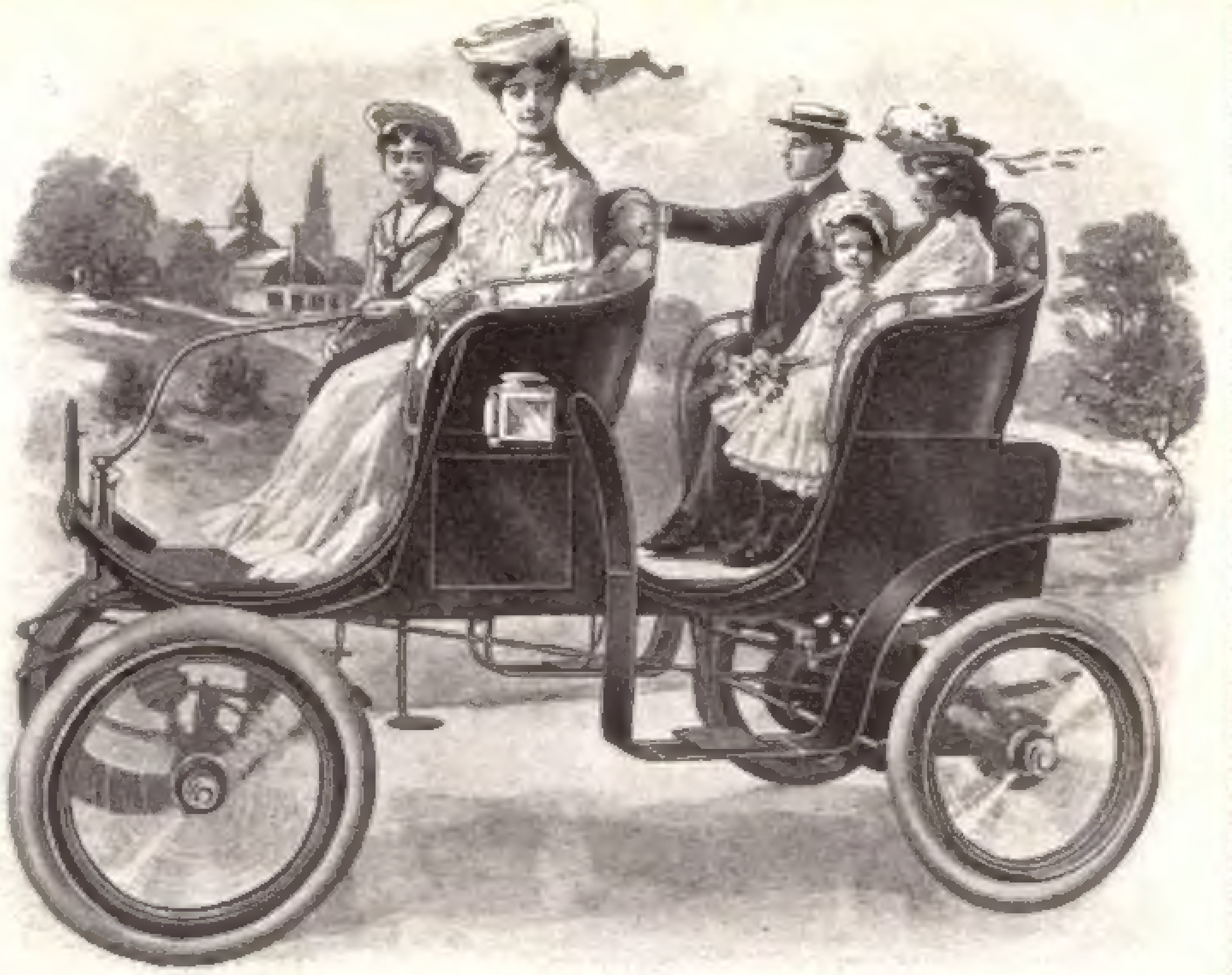

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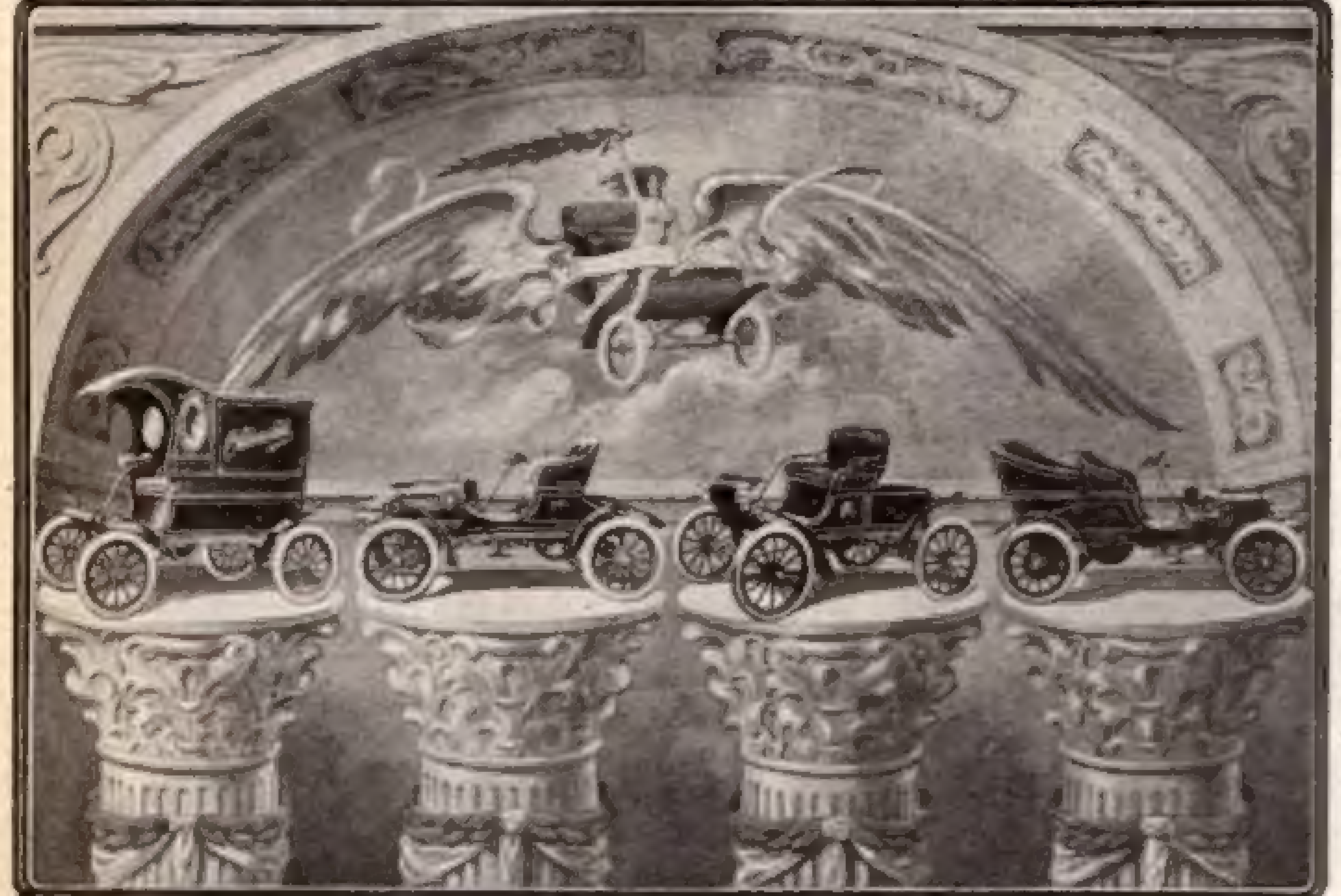

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The Boom in the Northwest

With Pick and Shovel in the Mining Camps of Montana, Wyoming and Idaho

By William Allen White

A VERY potent civilizing power of the Northwest is its mineral wealth. In every State of the Northwestern group vast bodies of ore are being uncovered. In Wyoming and Montana are chiefly copper and iron and lead; in Idaho and the coast States gold and silver. Wyoming, with its great coal fields and oil regions and mountains of iron and of copper, is bound to be the Pennsylvania of the West. Eastern capital is setting Wyoming ablaze with furnaces, and mining towns are springing up in the mountains of the State. One of the world's great iron beds has been discovered and located by an agent of certain Pennsylvania iron kings, and the North American Copper Company has gone into Wyoming in earnest.

The town of Grand Encampment, Wyoming, is a typical fiat town—a town which capital literally called into being. Often towns are located by accident, or by reason of some geographical condition. Grand Encampment came into being out in the desert fifty miles from the railroad because the North American Copper Company willed it, and put $3,000,000 back of its will to enforce it. It is interesting to look at the town for a moment, as it shows what will occur all over the Northwest. First the Ferris-Haggarty copper mine was uncovered fifteen miles from the town. Two boomers took hold of it. They were like the colored gentlemen who appeared before Mistah Johnsing: they had "no money but a good excuse." The excuse was a real copper mine. They were hustlers, were Emerson and McCaffey, and they put some Kansas town-site experience and a strong line of advertising ability into their project. They "promoted" the deal, got the $3,000,000, opened the mines and put into them the best machinery that may be found on the continent, built the longest aërial tram in the world to carry the ore to the smelters, and after getting that end of the business going, turned their attention to the town. There the company they promoted owns the waterworks, the electric lights, the big hotel, the stage line, fifty miles to the railroad at Walcot, the bank and the coal mines near by. Any one who goes to that town to fight the company has to get a breather's license and a ticket entitling him to enjoy the sunlight. At odd times, when Emerson, one of the boomers, wasn't doing anything else he wrote a book about a Kansas county-seat fight, took it East and had it published, made a little cigar money on it, and is now a candidate for the Senate. The town of Grand Encampment is laid out with an eye to the beautiful, and the whole thing is the dream of two poor but honest gentlemen who came out to grow up with the country. There is the backbone of a novel in the success of the scheme. But the heart and essence of it, and the moral—or immoral—of it, is capital and the works of capital. It is not a story of the individual.

Montana's mines are an old story, but Idaho's are twenty years behind those of the other States of the Northwest. Thunder Mountain is making good. But there, also, capital is at the soul of things: the individual counts for almost nothing. Two thousand men were working there last winter, at Big Creek and Roosevelt, and the district has been widened by adding what is known as the Golden Gate, or Yellow Pine Basin country, to it. Last year the Werdenoff seemed to be one of the most important propositions in the Big Creek country, and this year it has more than fulfilled the expectations of those interested in it. Its success has been repeated in a measure by every real property in the Big Creek country upon which honest, intelligent work has been done to make a mine and not to sell wild-cat stock.

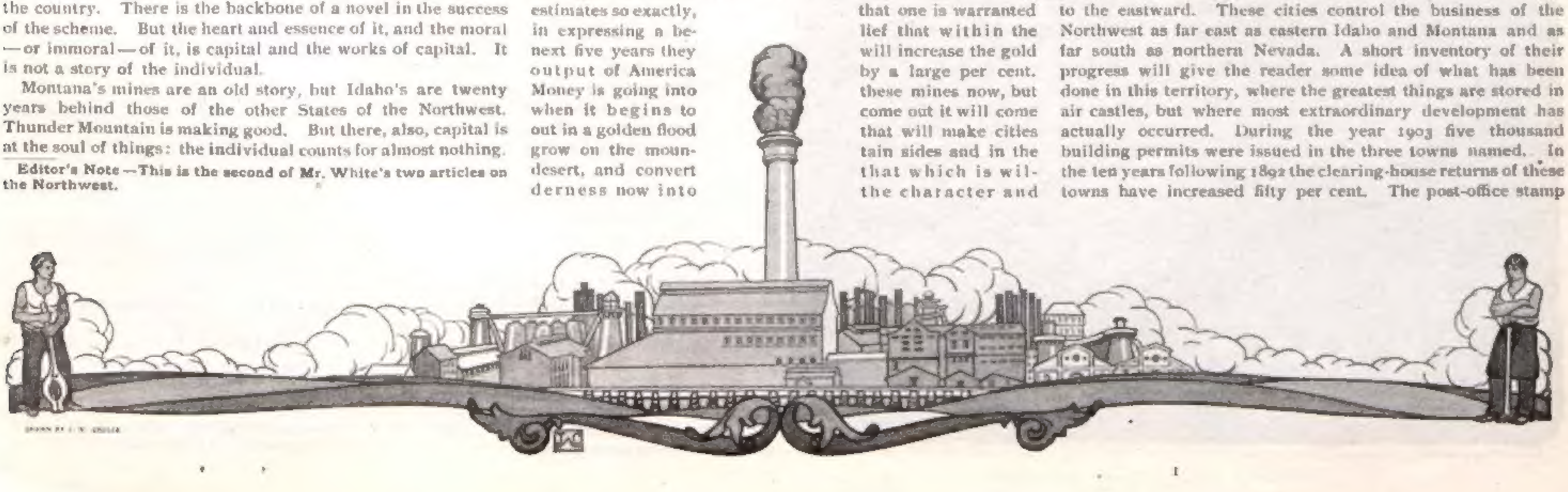
There seemed to be a fear that the stock of supplies would run low in some of the properties operating near Roosevelt. Flour at Christmas was selling at ten dollars a sack, bacon at fifty cents a pound, and condensed milk at sixteen dollars a case, and other supplies in proportion. Twenty-five properties are operating in the Thunder Mountain district proper, the Dewey employing thirty men. It will be impossible to get supplies in now until June or July, as the snow is exceptionally heavy, and it requires fourteen days to go from Roosevelt to Grangeville, a distance of less than a hundred miles. But the mine operators are cheerful. All the larger concerns are well supplied. It is the prospectors and the two-men outfits, which depend on buying supplies, that will suffer.

The State wagon road was delayed by a hundred little things, and is coming into the district slowly, but will be opened by the middle of August. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of machinery is waiting for this road to open. That there is ore in the country, and much of it, and of a fairly high grade, no one now can doubt who has been there; the only thing to be tested is the character of the ore—its simplicity and its treatment. Then the bread cast upon the waters will begin to come back, capital will find its reward, and the day of the individual—the pick-and-shovel miner—may dawn. But it is dark for the individual in Thunder Mountain now.

The ore in the mines in eastern Oregon which is producing gold at the mint seems to be but a continuation of these Idaho ledges, and there is no cause to feel dubious about the Idaho ore. The Oregon mines during the year past proved to be remarkably rich, and those at Buffalo Hump, west of Thunder Mountain and east of Oregon, are surprising even their friends. It is foolish to try to look into a mountain, but the holes in these Northwestern mountains have gone in so far, and have been tunneled and sampled by such careful men, and the producing mines have tallied in their output with the preliminary estimates so exactly, that one is warranted in expressing a belief that within the next five years they will increase the gold output of America by a large per cent. Money is going into these mines now, but when it begins to come out it will come out in a golden flood that will make cities grow on the mountain sides and in the desert, and convert that which is wilderness now into the character and substance of American civilization. Vast fortunes are to be made and vast fools with it, but in a generation or two these fortunes will become part of the common property of the common people. For the fool is not a permanent investor—according to the Bible.

Another element, not found in the earth or the sky or the air, that is to be reckoned with in conquering the desert is the Mormon. The Mormon is on the desert to stay. He owns Utah as a chattel of his church, and is making deep inroads into Idaho. In the southern part of the State the Mormon practically controls, and he is found in the eastern part of the State in considerable numbers; also he is comfortably domiciled in the irrigated portions of Wyoming, and is moving into Washington and Oregon in large colonies. During the five years last past the Mormon has been going into the beet-sugar industry. He is building and operating some of the most important factories in the country, and is extending the beet-sugar growing territory annually. Beet sugar is certain to be one of the important industries of the desert. The sugar beet brings forth a sure crop and a paying crop, and as it requires close farming the patient Mormon takes to the industry almost as naturally as he does to his religion. Indeed, the Mormon religion, beet sugar and the desert attract one another in a kind of natural selection. The Mormon religion in its essence is the spirit of sacrifice; it requires of its adherents surrender, absolute and unquestioning, in what we are accustomed to consider mundane affairs. The Mormon church takes account of its followers' income and takes a tenth of it with a stern, merciless regularity. This tithing has created a sinking fund; this sinking fund is the capital which is necessary in the fight against the desert. The Mormons are coöperationists—to coin a word—and without outside capital the desert could have been subdued no other possible way than by the Mormon industrial system. And because these Mormons create their capital as they go they are invincible. The cult is more industrial than it is religious, and should be studied with that in mind. Their industrial system, the coöperative system—whether by saving capital as they do, or borrowing it as the Gentile does—is the only spirit that can plant civilization in the wilderness. The desert is too strong for the individual to fight single-handed.

In the Northwest the financial situation is unique. The average American city controls the territory west of it. A small per cent. of its business goes through the city's eastern gate. In the Northwest the current changes, and the three coast towns, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma, find their territory to the eastward. These cities control the business of the Northwest as far east as eastern Idaho and Montana and as far south as northern Nevada. A short inventory of their progress will give the reader some idea of what has been done in this territory, where the greatest things are stored in air castles, but where most extraordinary development has actually occurred. During the year 1903 five thousand building permits were issued in the three towns named. In the ten years following 1892 the clearing-house returns of these towns have increased fifty per cent. The post-office stamp



Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. White's two articles on the Northwest.

sales and box rents have increased over fifteen per cent. during the year 1903, and for the three years before the increase was over fifty per cent., and for the five years now ending the increase is nearly one hundred per cent. The Puget Sound towns and Portland combined hold an easy third place in the flour trade of the nation, having exported over 3,000,000 barrels of flour last year, according to the statistics in the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington, D. C. The bank deposits of these coast cities increased twenty-five per cent. during the year ending February 1. The people are saving and investing. There is a spirit of thrift and business here that surprises the Easterner. Seattle is a top-boot town still, a wide-open town where everything goes, but it is a booming town, and soon the women's club will form a sentiment that will shake the teeth out of the tough element and it will disappear as it has disappeared from every American community.

Puget Sound bristles with masts of ships, and every month the trade is increasing, but the greatest impetus that has been given to any American harbor has been given to the Sound by James J. Hill's plan to make the Sound the home port for his great ocean carriers, the Minnesota and the Dakota. The former recently was launched, and the other is nearly ready for the water.

"The beauty of that ship out there in the harbor," said Mr. Hill recently, "is this: that though she carries six times the cargo of other Pacific carriers she can be operated at the cost of two. The cost of operation per ton of her cargo is one-third of that of the other Pacific steamships." The Minnesota and the Dakota are the first of a race of giants that will transform the carrying trade across the Pacific. The combined capacity of these two ships is equal to one hundred trainloads of freight of thirty-five cars each — 1750 carloads to the ship! With such a capacity, carried at such a reduction in the present rate, it is fair to predict that the present ocean freight rate on the Pacific will be cut in two. To-day seventy-five per cent. of the cotton products of the South are going through Seattle to the Far East. When the rate is split — it seems easy to guess the result. But prophesying on the Northwest is like going up a high mountain: the farther one goes the broader the range of vision. Cotton is a small potato in the commercial hill growing on Puget Sound. The great export may be wheat. It was wheat that Hill had in mind when he planned the big Pacific steamers — wheat and other foodstuffs. The present population of the United States will be doubled by 1930 at the present ratio of increase, and most of that population will be living on farms, growing food.

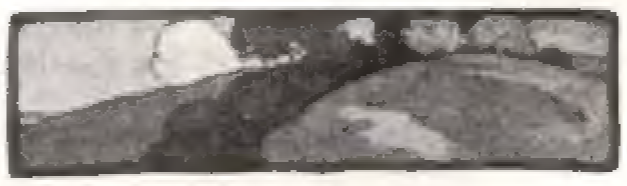
At that time Europe will not be able to take the surplus, and it must find a Pacific market. The road from America is 1250 miles shorter from Puget Sound to the Orient than it is from San Francisco. Puget Sound must be the natural market-place.

Our Future in the Orient

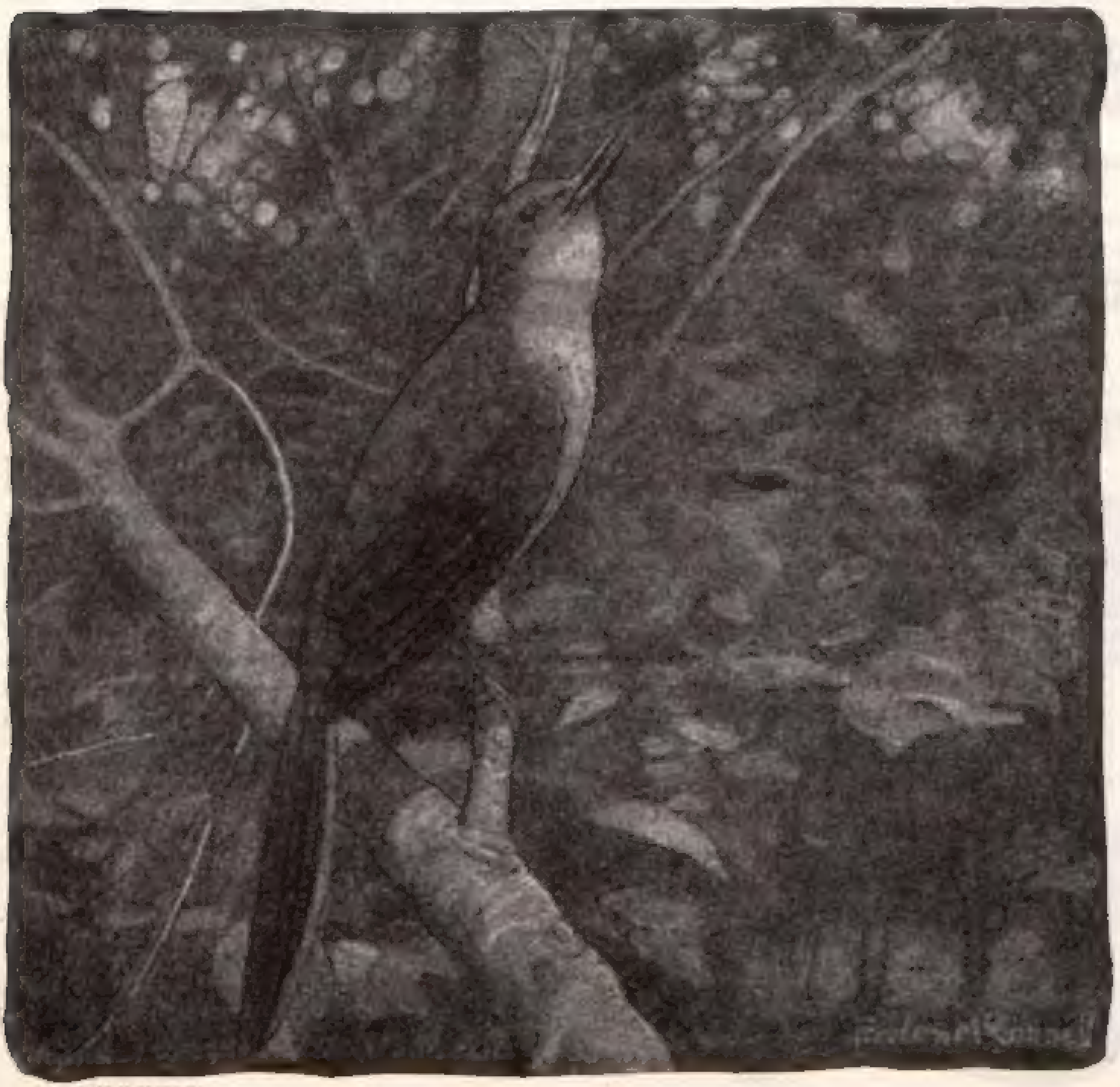
"I BELIEVE," said Hill recently, "that where wheaten flour is introduced to any race except the black race they are ready to continue eating it from that time on. The Asiatic races are as fond of wheat as they are of rice, and will use it if they can get it at their price." The chief barrier to the price has been the cost of ocean transportation from the American farm. Hill proposes to cut that cost until he provides a market for American wheat. If he gives them "the taste" for flour (as we say of rum) the Asiatics may put America on a corn-bread and molasses diet, for at the rate of one bushel per annum per capita, which is not an impossible consumption, China and Japan and the Straits Settlements would eat half a billion bushels of wheat every year. That is considerable wheat, as wheat goes; but with twenty-five millions of people using Yankee machinery in the Northwest, with cheap electric power wherever it is needed, and a vast mineral belt supplying surplus capital as fast as it is required to develop the country, it is possible to produce considerable wheat, as wheat goes. The American is not in the habit of letting a market for his wares stand hungry. If civilization will furnish the market, by giving the Orientals a desire for American foodstuffs, Providence and Hill and his kind will attend to the transportation, and the Yankee will do the rest. Already he feels it in his bones that his coming market is the Oriental market. He expressed himself so four years ago, when he voted to keep the Philippines. He didn't know why: the statistics were not in his favor and the ethics of the case were dead against him; but he had an instinct that it was the thing to do; it was a kind of racial premonition — and he followed it. This same premonition is drawing men into the desert and the mountains of the Northwest. They cannot tell why they are moving northwestward. The reasons men would give would be crude and personal reasons. Why do birds go South, why do animals migrate, why is population shifting toward Puget Sound to-day? What moves the emigrants? Is it the Orient drawing them, sub-consciously to drag it from the sleep of centuries by the awakening touch of civilization brought to its doors in these huge ships of the new Pacific trade? Or have we the cart before the horse? Is this settlement of the Northwest forcing the opening of Oriental markets? Which is the cause, which the effect? In considering the great things of this world it is hard to locate the power and to distinguish the power from the fulcrum or the weight — to say which great thing moves the other or is moved itself. But it is certain that great things are moving in the world to-day — one of the greatest movements of population since the discovery of America. The guns booming at Port Arthur and in Asiatic waters may have something to do with this great movement — they may be shooting civilization some place, and affecting the status of every man on earth who wears clothes.

But what this cannonading means, how it shall affect America, whether by opening trade to wider channels or by shutting it up and putting the Yankee upon his own resources, no one can say now. The powder smoke has not lifted. There is no perspective. But one who sees events moving toward each other as this boom in the Northwest — this battle with the wilderness called civilization — and the war spirit in the Orient are moving toward one another to-day, cannot escape the conviction that the two events have a common starting point somewhere in the ellipse of God's creative plan, and that they will meet, in the common good of humanity, some way — in God's own way. For there "is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

How Mister Mockingbird Learned to Sing



By Frank L. Stanton



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I

Once de birds up in de branches
  Had a halleluia singin',
En de hilltop en de valley
  Wid de music wuz a-ringin';
But one bird he sot en lissen —
  Never sayin' er a word,
Lak he ain't got no ambition
  Fer ter be a singin'-bird!

II

W'en Miss Spring dress fer de picnic,
  En wuz takin' er de town,
De trees a-bowin' "Howdy,"
  En a-shakin' blossoms down,
En de yuther birds wuz singin'
  'Cross de clover en de wheat,
En tellin' her she welcome,
  En she lookin' mighty sweet —

III

Dat lonesome bird look lonesomer
  Dan all de day is long,
W'en de very grass de win' wave
  'Peared ter twinkle ter a song!
En de green leaves kep' a-talkin'
  'Bout de weather — lak dey know! —
En de tinglin' sap wuz singin'
  Sof' en low — sof' en low!

IV

Den de yuther birds crowd roun' him —
  Dat lonesome bird — en say:
"Ef you stays in dese yer settlements
  You got ter sing yo' way!"
En dat bird he up en answer —
  'Thout a flutter er his wing:
"Lemme lissen — lemme lissen
  'Twel my soul know how ter sing!"

V

En he lissen: En one *dark* night,
  W'en no leaf wuz stirrin' nigh,
En de watchman let de stars go out
  Up yander in de sky,
A song it went a-ringin' 'cross
  De medders, lef' en right,
Lak de Day had come a-courtin',
  En a-singin' ter de Night!

VI

En de dreamin' birds dey riz up
  Fum dey slumberin' so deep,
En dey thought fer 'bout a minute
  Dey wuz singin' in dey sleep!
But high en loud de music
  Rolled out fum eas' ter wes',
En waked de chillun fum dey dreams
  In cradles sweet wid res'!

VII

Oh, dat lonesome bird wuz singin'!
  Done larnt de Robin's part!
Ter hear his voice a-ringin'
  It broke de Thrush's heart!
De Whippo'will, he lissen,
  De Redbird lef' de limb,
En de Partridge say: "He callin'
  Er my sweetheart home ter him!"

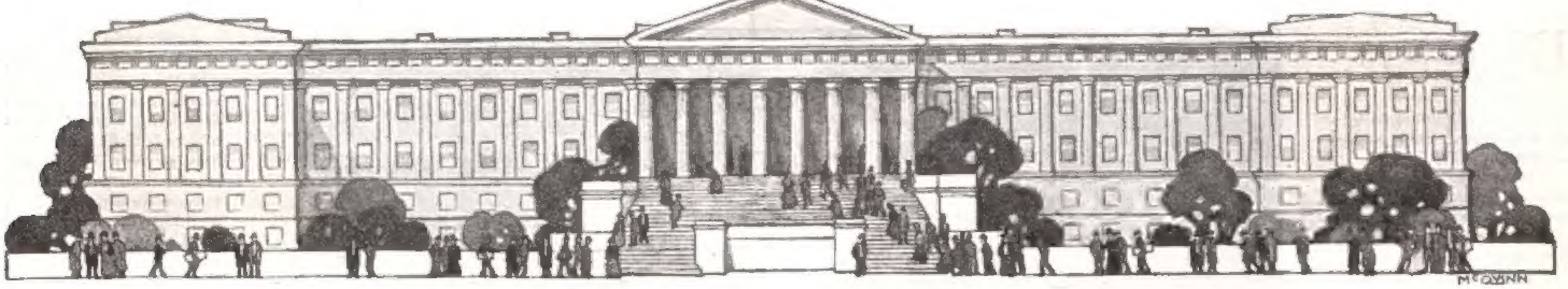
VIII

"Who-is-you-oo!" de gray Owl ax him—
  En he didn't slight his words —
"Who-is-you dat took de contract
  Fer ter sing fer all de birds?"
En de yuther birds dey trimbled
  In de blossoms en de dew,
Ez de Witch-Night took de question up:
  "Who-who-is-you-oo?"

IX

En dat lonesome bird make answer —
  Singin' low ez anything:
"I'm nuthin' but dat lonesome bird
  Dat loved to hear you sing!
My sweetes' music is yo' own —
  Des ever honey-word!
I'm mighty glad ter meet you all.
  I'm Mister Mockin'bird!"

The Lure of Department Life



A Riddle of Public Life That Has But a Sad Reading

By Champ Clark

DOES the man make the circumstances or do the circumstances make the man? That is a question which has perplexed the human mind *ab urbe conditâ* and about which philosophers still differ. No doubt the proponents of each theory are partially right and partially wrong. However that may be, I never visit any of the great departments in Washington that I do not recall Gray's splendid lines:

> Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
>   Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
> Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd
>   Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
>
> Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
>   The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
> Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
>   Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The words "neglected" and "laid" do not exactly fit, but as a whole the passage does.

I have no sort of doubt that there are old, gray-haired men vegetating in the departments who, if they had never secured a clerkship in Washington, would have become great lawyers, doctors, preachers, editors, authors, scientists or merchant princes. To many of them the notification of their appointment, which filled their hearts with joy and conjured up before their mind's eye gorgeous visions of conspicuous and lucrative careers, was an unmitigated curse. They came to Washington full of lusty life, of high resolve, of lofty ambition; they are here now, fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, their energies gone, their aspirations dead, their talents frittered away by service on a treadmill, with only one purpose remaining — to hold on to a job; and unless dismissed *sans* ceremony, they will be here when the inexorable and inevitable messenger who comes for all, and will not be refused, knocks at their doors, even though he should postpone his unwelcome visit a thousand years. "'Tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

The insatiable desire for a clerical position under Uncle Sam is comparable only to being stage-struck.

There is something exhilarating, strengthening, exciting about being a candidate for an elective office. The conflict of mind with mind, the *gaudium certaminis*, the appeal to the people, the noble love of fame, and the craving for victory inspire a man to do his best and cause him to grow intellectually.

> The applause of list'ning senates to command,
>   The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
> To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
>   And read their history in a nation's eyes,

is a prospect calculated to fire the heart of the dullest lad in all this broad land and to color his dreams with roses and with gold.

But the universal desire for an appointive position at Washington — more especially the grim determination to hold on to it perpetually — is inexplicable. The short hours, the light work, wages above the average, a chance to see celebrated people, opportunity to gaze upon the passing show — these things explain it partly but not wholly or satisfactorily.

Over the doorways of the departments should be inscribed, in letters so large that every man who runs may read:

> All hope abandon, ye who enter here.

Many, perhaps the majority, of the bright and buoyant young men and women who seek a clerkship in Washington do so with the honest and laudable intention of using it only as a temporary expedient, as a preparation for a more strenuous life, as a convenient stepping-stone to higher and better things; for it does not stand to reason or to nature that any youth of good parts will deliberately choose to bury himself alive in these magnificent mausoleums of human hopes; but once here, nearly all fall under some curious spell and settle down to a life which offers the minimum chance for making a reputation and whose maximum emolument, except in the exceptional case, is a paltry sixteen hundred a year in a city where the cost of living is high. The ultimate average is nearer a thousand than sixteen hundred.

I have seen men who at home were prominent citizens, successful lawyers, leaders of thought in their communities, influential factors in affairs — some of them ex-Circuit Judges and ex-Representatives in Congress — occupying positions in the departments where they were compelled to answer the bell-call of their superiors after the manner of a bell-boy in a hotel and doing what and only what some higher official ordered them to do. There is no chance whatever for intellectual or moral growth in a life like that. It is at best a species of gilded slavery differing from chattel slavery only because official slaves are not amenable to corporal punishment and cannot be bought or sold; but they are not free from mental torture, for over their heads is forever held *in terrorem* the power of dismissal — like another sword of Damocles. The Civil Service laws and regulations have lessened but not entirely removed this ever-present fear, for skillful chiefs who wish to dispose of subordinates undesirable from political or other reasons can always, and do always, find a way to "circumwent" the Civil Service laws, as Weller *père* would have said; so that nearly every departmental employee feels safer when he has a friend at court. They speak of a protecting Representative or Senator as their "influence" as glibly, if not as frequently, as in the days of yore, when the spoilsman was no hypocrite and made no pretense of being a reformer. The employee who has a really friendly Representative — especially of the Administration party — as "influence" is considered by his fellows to be in luck. If he have a Senator of the Administration party he is in clover; and if, perchance, he have both a Representative and a Senator of the Administration party he is the envy of all.

Not long since, in a debate in the House, Mr. Hemenway, of Indiana, made the astounding statement that at least ten per cent. of the department clerks are utterly incapacitated for service by reason of old age or other infirmity, and no one denied it. In fact the latest estimate is sixteen per cent. of incapables. That shows what an amazing condition of affairs the desire to hold on to a job has brought about.

To illustrate: After I had been in Congress about a year one evening a lady and gentleman called at my boarding-house and sent up their cards. I went down to the parlor and found a rather handsome matron in great perturbation of spirit and a man who left to her the talking part. She introduced herself as "Mrs. Vere de Vere" and her companion as her husband. I asked her what I could do for her, in as soothing tone as possible, whereupon she fell to weeping and wringing her hands, exclaiming between her sobs, "We are ruined! oh! we are ruined!" After a good deal of this hysterical performance she managed to inform me that she and her husband were from my district; that her husband had been removed from a clerkship in the War Department, and that they had come to me for succor in their effort to have him reinstated. The first thing to do was to ascertain if they really were from my district — as a Representative very soon learns by experience that if he attends to the demands of his own constituents he will be carrying a *quantum sufficit* of "the white man's burden" without assuming any of the loads peculiarly applicable to the shoulders of his Congressional brethren.

As I had never heard of anybody in my district — in which I am well acquainted — bearing the name they gave I was somewhat suspicious — especially as impostors are not unknown in "the finest Capital in the world." Consequently I cross-examined her rigidly as to her maiden name, her mother's brothers, their names, ages, appearance and location. Being satisfied that she was telling me the truth about that I elicited the further statement that her husband had been a clerk in the War Department twenty-six years — which antedated my advent into Missouri by several years; that he started in at $900 per annum, and for the last five or six years had been drawing a salary of $1600.

I said: "How much money or property have you now?" "Not a dollar's worth," he replied, "except our clothes and household furniture. Indeed, we are in a worse condition than when we came to Washington. We have tried to economize, but the expenses of maintaining a large family have eaten up my income. Our oldest daughter lacks only one year of graduation at a respectable college in the city. If I could only hold my place till she graduates she might do something to help us."

I then asked: "Why don't you get out of Washington, locate somewhere else, set up for yourself, and be a man among men?"

Then came a reply which advocates of life tenure would do well to ponder, for it is true of thousands of others besides this man. He answered: "Because I do not know how to do anything except the routine work I have been doing in the War Department for more than a quarter of a century, and I am too old to try to learn anything else now." A more hopeless declaration I never heard from human lips. A more dismal countenance I never beheld than his as he thought mournfully of the vanished years. Yet for nearly a generation he had held a position which thousands covet and for which thousands struggle. The end was woe and penury in his old age.

I inquired: "How long since you have been in the Ninth Congressional District of Missouri?"

"Fifteen years!" was his answer.

I said: "I will try and have you reinstated on one condition, as you appear to have been dismissed without fault on your part merely to make room for another. The condition is this: You must go home every two years to vote. No man has a moral right to live in this Republic fifteen years without exercising the right of suffrage — the right preservative of all rights. Vote for me if you can, but if you can't do that conscientiously vote for the other fellow. At any rate, vote!" He promised faithfully that he would do so.

The next morning I went over to see Colonel Dan Lamont, then Secretary of War, the most affable of mortals, and told him the story with the request that he reinstate my forlorn constituent. He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye and asked: "Do you really want this man reinstated, or are you simply going through a perfunctory performance to keep your promise technically to his wife?" I assured the genial Daniel that I was in dead earnest. He complied with my request, and restored my protégé to his place and the pay-roll, where he remains to this day. What will happen to him? Why, some time, when there is a Representative from that district who knows nothing and cares nothing for this man's wife's relatives, he will be thrown out for keeps into the cold, cold world where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

His was not an isolated and unusual case. Without having inquired particularly about it I will guarantee that nearly every Representative and Senator has had a somewhat similar experience — some of them many such.

Seven years passed, and in the rush of events I had almost forgotten the man, his wife and their troubles; but in the spring of 1900 she called at my house, sent up her card, and I went down to find her once more dissolved in tears. I jumped to the conclusion, prematurely and erroneously but not unnaturally, that her husband had been ousted again. Not so, however: he was still holding on; but she wanted me to secure a position in the Census Office for her son, alleging with a great lachrymose flow that he was going to the dogs because he had nothing to do. I flatly refused, advising her to put him to work on a railroad, on a steamboat, on a farm, on the street — any place in the United States where there is

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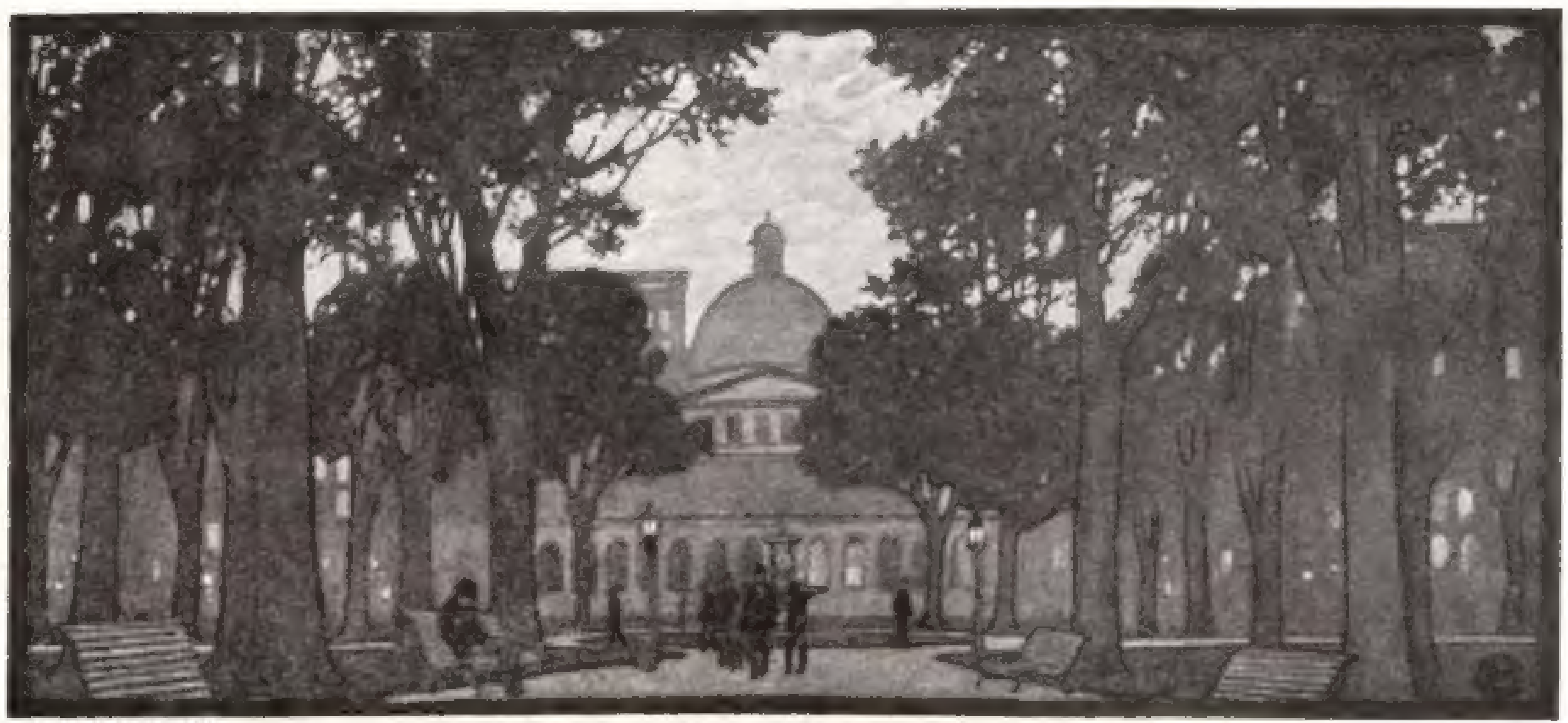
The Little White Liars



HE HAD BEEN SLEEPING IN THE PARK AND EATING AT SOUP-KITCHENS

By Lloyd Osbourne

"DID you ever belong to a secret society?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm a Mason," I said. "A Master-Mason, third degree, Free and Accepted. Why?"

"Mine was the Little White Liars Association," she said reflectively. "It's wound up now, and I married the president. We formed it for the encouragement of literature, though Howard added science, art and the drama so as to give it a better ring. We shortened the name down to the L. W. L. and had a grip!"

"The trouble about a secret society is that you don't know what to do next," I said—"except dying, of course, and being buried for nothing with mystic ceremonies—but you naturally put that off as long as you can."

"Oh, there was a lot of 'next' about ours," continued pretty Mrs. Tryon. "You see, it wasn't abstract literature—Ibsen, or the Influence of George Eliot on the Victorian Era—and the Norse Saga as a prose form didn't cut any ice with the L. W. L. We just concentrated on Julian Standerton and let it go at that!"

"Julian Standerton!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean the man that writes those tiresome books and those egregious plays, and bores more people to the square mile than all the rest of them put together?"

"Isn't it wonderful," she said. "He's quite the biggest success of the day and travels in private cars, and yet we were the mice that unloosed the lion!"

"You couldn't have realized what you were doing," I said.

"To tell the truth, we had no suspicion he was a lion at all. Doctor Clarke himself told him he had just six months to live, and every fresh specialist we called in cut off a week. There he was, poor fellow, without a penny, and dying, and all he had in the world was a large, shabby package of rejected manuscripts."

"Pity you hadn't burned it."

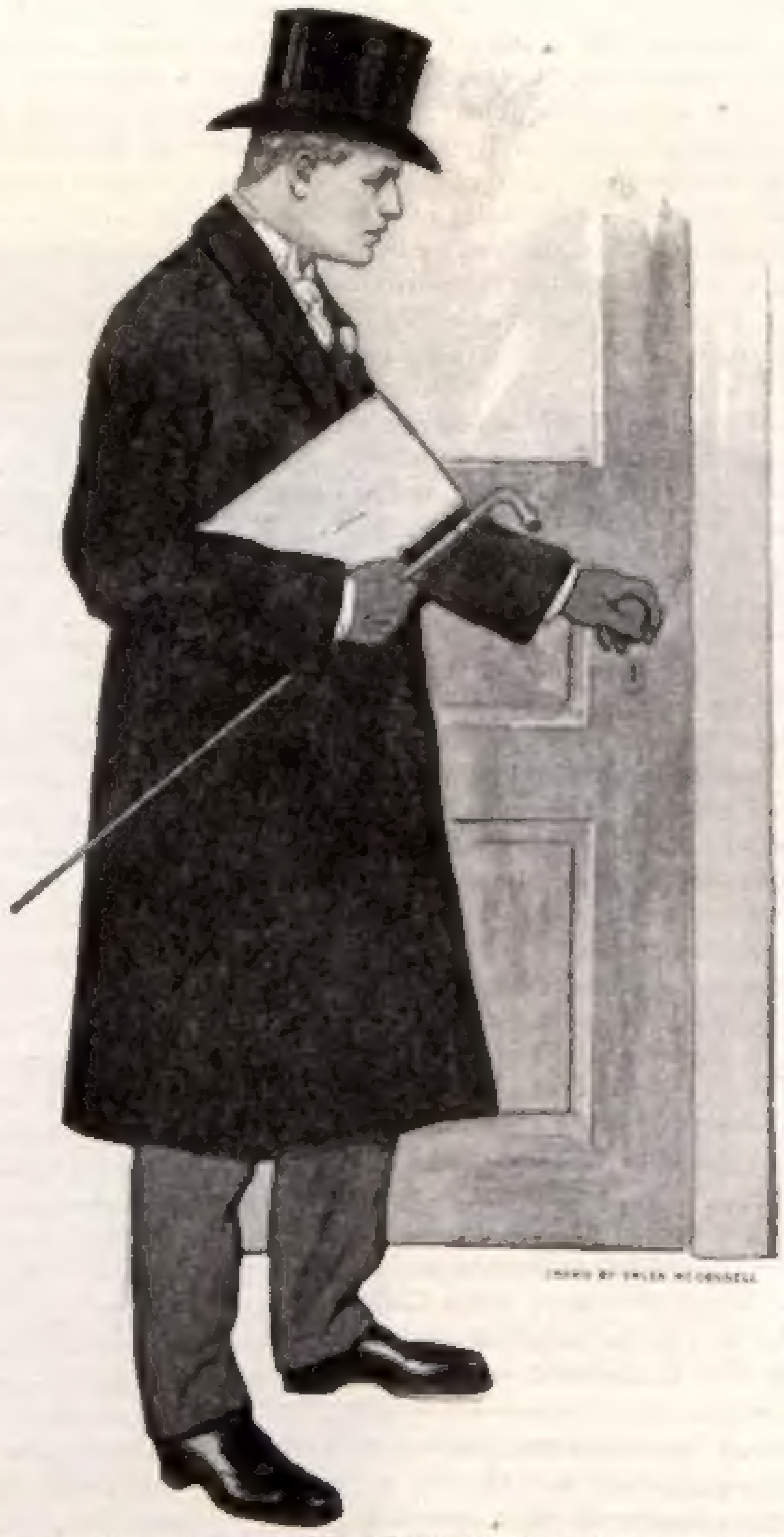
"I suppose we ought to have done that," she admitted. "But it looked as innocent as washing, and how were we to know it contained literary giant-powder? We only learned that later when it shook two hemispheres! Our business was simply to comfort Standerton's declining hours."

"But, as it turned out, he didn't decline, did he?"

"Well, if you had seen him then you would have agreed with the doctors. He was the most miserable, gaunt, sick thing you ever saw. He had been sleeping in the park and eating at soup-kitchens, and when Mr. Pelliott happened to run into him on the street he was a spectre. Howard always said it was so splendid of Standerton that he wouldn't squeal, and if *he* had been in his shoes you'd have heard him for blocks! Mr. Pelliott had known him for years, and would have sent him a hundred-dollar bill any time by return mail—but Standerton was too proud to ask, and just let himself drop out of sight. That was the fine thing about the man—his iron pride. It was forty-Castilian power, and he held the record on the track. You could have equipped a whole aristocracy out of his little finger. Yes, prouder than proud, and he would analyze your remarks for insults, like a person looking for diamonds in a diamond mine. That's where the Little White Liars came in, for, of course, he was morbidly afraid of charity, and would have flung the things in your face if he had had a quarter of one per cent. of suspicion.

"Mr. Pelliott planted him in two cheap rooms, had the family doctor in to see him, and paid him fifty dollars in advance for a railroad folder on Oklahoma. Mr. Pelliott is the president of the P. L. & Q., you know, and he didn't know of any other kind of literary outlet except railroad poetry, and they did that by contract. He even had trouble about the folder, for Standerton thought fifty dollars too much for it, and made trouble, besides, about never having seen Oklahoma, and Mr. Pelliott abusing his official position to overpay his friends! Mr. Pelliott was the worst Little White Liar in the bunch, and that night, at a dinner-party at his house, he took us all into his confidence and yelped for help. He really needed it, for he saw he never could manage Standerton single-handed, and was doomed otherwise to watch him die of starvation unassisted.

"I had never seriously considered Howard Tryon up to that night, though he had been paying me attention all winter, and we were sort of friends in a way. He was too much a man about town, and everybody said he was fast, and he was irritatingly friendly with the wrong people. I suppose a man's always an idiot when he's really and truly in love, but I thought it was just normal, you know, and stamped all over him. I judged he was the same to every girl, and hated him, and though I didn't cut him I was always cold and distant. If I had done it out of calculation I couldn't have succeeded better in leading him on, for he camped on my doorstep and got invited everywhere to meet me. This was how he happened to be at the Pelliott dinner when the Julian Standerton matter came up. The tears came into his big, round eyes when Mr. Pelliott described finding Standerton, and he laid down his knife and fork and looked so honest and homely and touched that I liked him for the first time.



WITH THE LAST OF THE ROMANOFFS UNDER HIS ARM

"This was the inception of the Little White Liars, and the next day we all rendezvoused at Julian Standerton's to make his acquaintance and take hold generally. It was supposed to be a tea, and there were a whole lot of us there, the entire L. W. L. in a body: Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Pelliott, Hattie Cruden, Julia Tyndall, Mrs. West, Jimmy Upton and myself. Standerton was very tottery and weak, but he chirked up under the sunshine of our presence and obviously enjoyed being the centre of attraction. He was a very bony, big man, with poet hair and sunken cheeks, and if you asked him a question he responded with an essay. It was like hearing editorials to listen to him, and wild horses couldn't have dragged me there again had he not been so sick and poor. Just when you were about to say: 'I'll scream in another minute,' you'd look about the shabby room, and perhaps notice his thin, nervous, transparent hands, and be overcome once more by his poverty and helplessness.

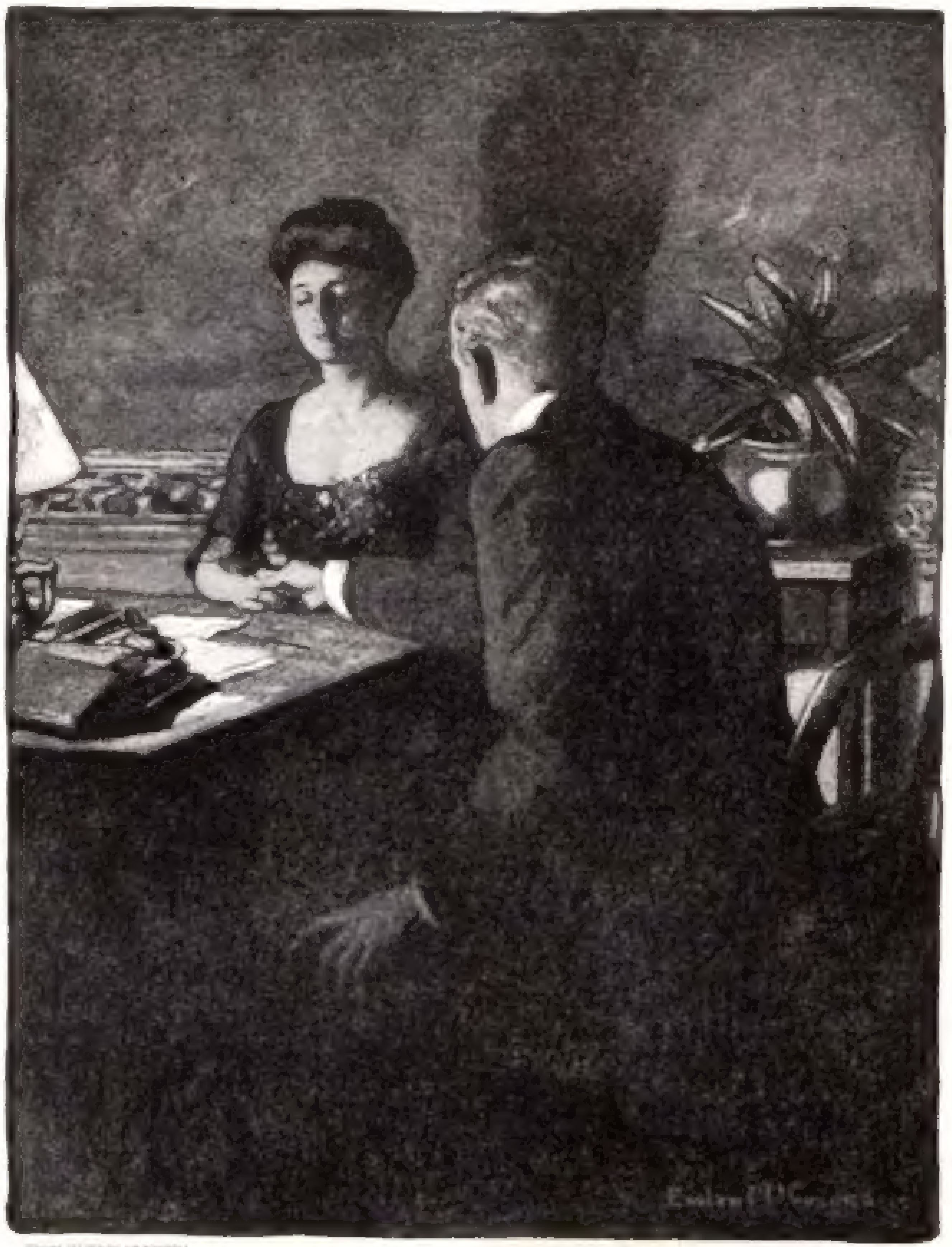
"It was a real thoroughbred performance all round, for none of us were patronizing, and we allowed Standerton to bore us into little pieces without a murmur. Howard was the best of all and rose to the occasion better than anybody, arguing about Maeterlinck and Gorky, and contradicting Standerton so as to please him afterward by backing down. He would say: 'I never thought of that before,' or, 'You've put the matter in a new light to me, Mr. Standerton!' As he had never had any old light, he kept me in a continual titter, both of amusement and apprehension. Perhaps it is horrid to laugh about it, but we were genuinely sorry for Standerton; and, after all, we hadn't gone there for fun, or to make a fool of him, but with a sincere desire to butt in and help. I think we were entitled to any entertainment that was coming to us, and Heaven knows, there didn't seem much.

"After the first ice was broken we all went away, and the next night held a meeting to talk things over and arrange a plan of operations. We had loads of money, for Howard and Mr. Pelliott and Jimmy Upton had given the association *carte blanche*, but the trouble was how to pass it up to Standerton without affronting his pride. You can't imagine how difficult it was to arrange anything, especially as Mr. Pelliott got offended in the beginning and started a pride of his own because we wouldn't adopt his silly Uncle-from-Australia plan. After that he stood square across the path and said no to everything. Everybody said no to everybody else till there wasn't a Little White Liar who wasn't pink with indignation. We broke up at midnight with nothing done except to appoint Howard, at his own request, a special committee of one to rustle for fresh ideas and carry them out himself. That's always the way with associations; you talk and argue and contradict till you're tired out, and then somebody bobs up and takes entire charge. The world is really run by autocrats, but the public doesn't mind, so long as it is allowed to chatter. Howard simply waltzed round the next day to Standerton's, took the first novel off the stack, and sold it to Robert Clarendon's Sons for five hundred dollars down and royalties. No talk, no bother, and the thing done!"

"But I don't see what prevented Standerton doing that himself."

"Because it wasn't *really* sold, don't you see! Howard simply put it away in his desk, asked a few questions of a publisher friend, so as to get details right, and brought Standerton the money. Robert Clarendon's Sons wouldn't have been found dead with the novel, nor would anybody else in the book business, and the front pages were all worn away from having been sent and sent and sent. We all clapped Howard on the back and elected him president, and I was quite nice to him for two days and accepted a bull-pup.

"You can imagine what it meant to Standerton to get all that money and to feel that at last he had made a start. He said it took out the sting of his premature death, and called it his swan song. Howard almost cried when he described the scene to me, it was so pitiful—and it's being a lie made it perfectly agonizing, you know. Standerton got so excited that he had a relapse and nearly died, but when he got restored a bit he grew fidgety about the contract. Howard had forgotten about any contract, and he had to ask his lawyers to make one. But it took about forty to satisfy Standerton, who invariably found some clause to object to, till we owed the attorneys a hundred and eighty dollars. We all thought he'd die now comfortably and that would be the end of it; but it seemed he couldn't pass away in peace without seeing a proof of Castle Dangerous—that was the name of the silly thing—and would Howard please press the matter with the publishers! Howard didn't exactly know what a proof was, but, of course, he said he would arrange it at once, and came to me to tell him what to do. So we had Castle Dangerous printed on a rush order and carried the slips to Standerton as they came damp from the press. We had to hurry because he had two trained nurses now, and there was absolutely no hope, and the doctors only shook their heads when we asked questions. That's an awful bad stage to get to in an illness, and you may as well order your little coffin right away. But Standerton held on in spite of the best medical advice and broke out in a new direction, fretting about the book and how he was doomed never to know its fate. Said it might link his name to the immortals and blazon it on the scroll of fame, and yet the news would never reach him in the Great Beyond. That was his favorite expression now—the Great Beyond—and he referred to it as he might a villa in the suburbs, with a proprietary air and a look as though he paid taxes on it. Of course, it was horribly pathetic, and we held a meeting of the Little White Liars and decided to publish Castle Dangerous forthwith.



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A SECRET TO BRING TWO PEOPLE TOGETHER

"We printed fourteen copies of it and paid a man seventy-five dollars for three beautiful covers. Not that it needed more than one, but Standerton rejected the first two with indignation, and had to be persuaded into accepting the third. It looked quite like a real book, and it was only when you tried to read it that you discovered the difference. There was a copy for every Little White Liar and six for the author, and then the type was thrown down or thrown away—or whatever they call it. This was an awful stupid thing on Howard's part, for, of course, Standerton wanted to send dozens to his friends, and we had to print the book a second time. But Howard paid that out of his own pocket, saying he couldn't charge his stupidity against the L. W. L. Printing doesn't seem to be expensive when you let them take their time, but in this case, you see, we hadn't any time, and the bonus for doing it in three days was something terrific. I don't know what it cost Howard, but he looked poor for a week, and always changed the subject.

"Then we again waited for Standerton to die—not that we wanted him to, I mean, but now there was no hope of saving him, and it had boiled down to a question of days. He was so weak he could hardly talk, though when he did it was all about the reviewers and how they might be expected to deal with Castle Dangerous. We had never thought about reviewers, and consternation descended on every Little White Liar. Standerton made Howard subscribe to a press-clipping agency and proceeded to have relapses because no notice was taken of his book. We called an extraordinary meeting of the L. W. L., for it was plain something had to be done at once, and that we couldn't stop where we were. Mr. Pelliott wanted to hire a real reviewer by the day, but we didn't dare risk the secret with an outsider, and, besides, it might have come to the ears of Robert Clarendon's Sons and caused a rumpus. There seemed nothing for it but to write the things ourselves, though Julia Tyndall tried to back out by saying she didn't know how to spell, and Mrs. West's feelings were hurt because we wouldn't accept a reduced gentlewoman for whom she was trying to find light employment. We made up a list of dailies and weeklies, and putting them in a hat, drew lots till there were only four left. We had seventy-six altogether, which was nine apiece, with four in the kitty—and we played bridge for these and unloaded them on the losers.

"We had two awful days to do them in, though I think I made out better than anybody. I simply took real reviews of real books and altered them a little to suit. The only original part was the extra praise I stuck in and the fault-finding I took out. It was as easy as falling off a log when once you got the knack of it, and the only bother was having to read some of the book. Jimmy Upton's were the worst ever, and Julia Tyndall's would have made a cat laugh, and when we held a meeting of the L. W. L. to read them aloud, Mr. Pelliott had to have water thrown in his face! Howard attended to the printing, which was quite a difficult matter and required lots of care, as the paper and type had to correspond with the real ones, and there was the back part to consider also. He was also given charge of the distribution, which had to be spread over several weeks, and arranged good, better, best—we didn't have any other kind—on a regular system. We were afraid Julian Standerton might detect the imposition, but he just swallowed them down like cream, and the mail-carrier's knock became the most important moment of his day. I am telling you all this first hand, for you must remember that the Little White Liars were always running in and out to see him, and though Howard was the most active member of the association, the rest of us weren't backward, and never stopped carrying flowers or reading to him aloud. The doctors said he needed distraction and sympathy, and even when he was too far gone to join in the conversation himself, it did him good just to listen to us. It was hard to chatter and be gay with that corpsy figure on the lounge, with apparently nothing alive about him but his eyes, and it was a sight to nerve one up to a whole new bushel of fibs. He was nice, too, in many ways, and touching, and never whined. (I hate a whiny sick person, don't you?) And if he nearly drove us crazy with his old book we only had to thank ourselves for the situation we had invented.

"Then he began to work up a heartbreaking fuss about having no review in the Book Boomer. He said the great success of his book justified a special article with a full-page portrait and biography, and it was hard to be made the victim of envy and literary spite. He said he couldn't consider himself 'arrived' without being in the Book Boomer, and he used to have a terrible relapse every Thursday, its day of publication. We saw we had to get him in or die in the attempt; and it nearly was die, for it wasn't like an ordinary snippety notice, but had to be solid and thoughtful, and Howard and I spent the best part of three days doing it. There's nothing like a secret to bring two people together, especially a laugh-and-cry secret like this one; and Howard had been showing me a side of his character I had never suspected before; and tenderness, and humor, and generosity, and soft-heartedness are awfully winning qualities when you crowd them all into the same person; and it happened when we were two-thirds through, after giving Thackeray a biff in the eye, and counting out Dickens and George Eliot in favor of Standerton. What happened? Oh, getting engaged, you know—and Howard went off in splendid spirits, and so grateful to Standerton that he announced a second printing of ten thousand copies and recklessly put Castle Dangerous at the top of the best-selling six books!

"Well, we passed up the Book Boomer, sent Standerton a big check from the phantom publisher, and announced the engagement! Standerton spent the most of it in a gorgeous wedding present, saying he was on the high wave now and had money to burn, poor fellow; and we had a Little White Liar dinner at Delmonico's, with speeches, and a gold badge beside every plate with L. W. L. on it in diamonds. It was lots gayer than the more formal parties afterward, and Mr. Pelliott said it was only another instance of how your bread on the waters came back to you, if only you threw it in with a loud enough splash! Oh, jolly dinner, except for one conscience-stricken moment when Mr. Pelliott was handed a message, and we all thought perhaps Standerton was dead. But it only said he was worse and sent his warmest felicitations. If it doesn't sound heartless to say it, we were used to his getting worse, and though we were sorry and all that, it was only what was to be expected—and his dying was part of the program.

"On this occasion he came nearer than ever, and for a couple of weeks his life hung by a thread. I guess it must have been a rope, however, for he rallied and took another lap. When we were let in to see him he had discovered another reason why it couldn't be this time. He was always beautifully ready to lie down and die except for one thing, and now the one thing was the stage. He said that literary success was only ashes in the mouth, after all; it might seem nice, but when you analyzed it you found it was hollow—at least, for a man like himself whose real medium was the theatre. He said he would rather be a second-class dramatist—as far as success or money went—than reap all the prizes of fiction. He was awfully contemptuous about the prizes of fiction, anyway, which he waved from him with a thin hand, as though it was a fly. Pleasant for Howard, wasn't it, who had been setting up the despised prizes mostly out of his own pocket! We tried to divert him by selling another ten thousand edition of his book, but this only added fuel to the flames—I mean about writing plays. Or rather, I mean, they were already written—four of them—and formed a part of that awful package. Howard was scared of breaking out in a new place and back-pedaled all he could, but it wasn't a particle of use, and Standerton turned him out into the cold street with the Last of the Romanoffs under his arm! He walked about with it for hours, trying to see several managers, and only getting snubbed in their outer offices! It makes me laugh to think of it, for Howard is such a swell, and had always gone through life with people bowing in front of him, and it was like slapping a baby that didn't know why. He said he felt like another Cain, and the Last of the Romanoffs was the brand upon his brow. He was shooed out of every place he went to, and people fell over one another to get out of his way—I mean managers and important people. If he had been raving mad, and carrying a pistol instead of the Last of the Romanoffs, they couldn't have scattered quicker! He got more and more dejected, and finally, when it came on to rain, he made Charles Fielman accept it enthusiastically. I suppose we were all going a little crazy by this time—looking back on it I cannot think of any other reason—and it was a kind of game of dare all round. Of course, Charles Fielman's acceptance and enthusiasm were both fictitious, and Howard piled up fresh horrors on his devoted head.

"But it put Julian Standerton in a seventh heaven of delight and the rest of us each went down three pegs! Howard went down forty, as a whole streak of fresh complications dawned on him, and he began to wear a hunted look. He had just meant to accept the Last of the Romanoffs and let it go at that. But this was just what Standerton wouldn't do, and he started in to die every time Howard put him off. We had wound ourselves in such bowknots that to stop now would be to kill him! Howard was driven to fix a date for rehearsal, and another for production, and I guess if it hadn't been for our engagement he would have settled on another for his own suicide. We were all getting into a horribly tight place, and even Mr. Pelliott was frightened, and as for Jimmy Upton he turned pale and went to Europe. Howard said he felt like a criminal on the eve of detection, and couldn't sleep at night for worrying; and, of course, I worried about Howard's worrying; and Mrs. West worried, and Julia Tyndall worried, and Mrs. Pelliott worried, and to crown it all, Standerton insisted on getting better! Wasn't it awful of him? Better and better and better till we didn't know where to look; for a new specialist had turned up with a ray—I can't remember the name exactly—though it sounded something like the Yiddish Ray, and you needed a trunkful of things to work it. It was just what Standerton had been dying for—or without,

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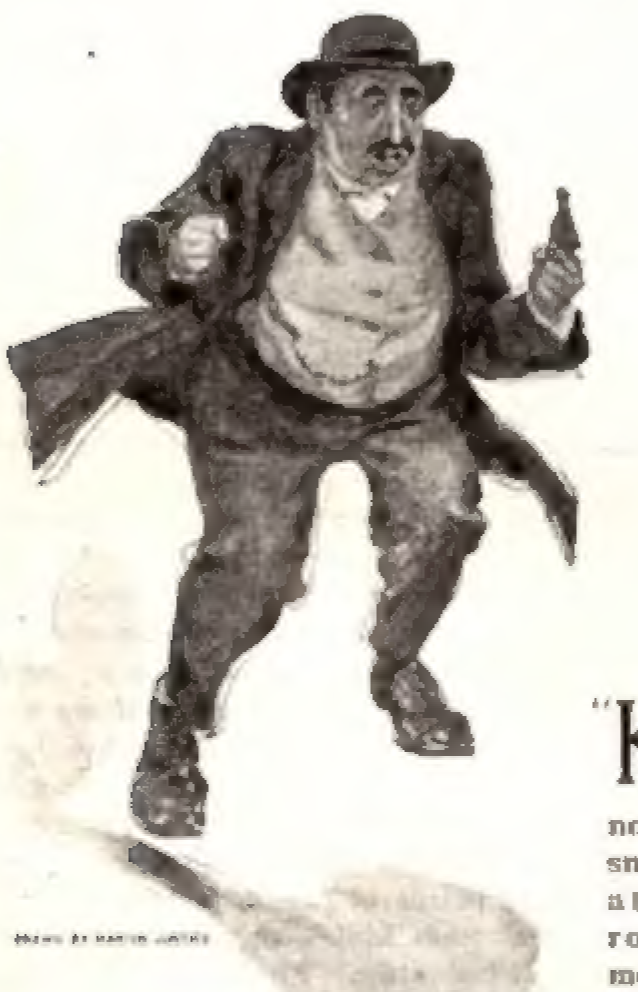
THE FINISH

As the Bridegroom Told It

BY REX E. BEACH



"I SEE ABRAMSKI MAKE A RUN AT ME"

"KINK" MARTIN'S Odyssey is neither epical nor of record, yet the snatches I had gleaned at camp-fire and round-up interested me demoralizingly. Now, after two years, I came upon him again, crowding the edge of the frontier, pioneer by habit, pirate by instinct; lax of morals, lusty of heart.

I had walked the eight miles from camp, hoping, yet doubting, that this Diogenes Martin, Paragon, was my old pal of the vagabond days. It was so, but I marked a great change in the man. Reminiscence is dear to my heart, however, and I spoke of the past.

"Say, do you remember that salted mine in Sonora, that time we took ——"

He interrupted me hastily, flushing a painful red, and shifting uneasy glances at the Jap cook.

"Come on outside in the sun," he said awkwardly; "I can talk better in the open," and I followed, marveling, to a seat where below us stretched the gravelly creek-bed, ripped and furrowed by the sluices. There floated to us softly the rush of waters, the rattle of pick and shovel, and the bountiful language of men in a tail-race.

"Say, don't mention them old days in company," he began. "You know I'm respectable now." He paused, and I knew that within him was the telling of a strange tale—removed, perhaps, from the paths of propriety, but true, and as I listened it grew upon me that morals are mainly a matter of latitude and longitude, anyway.

I felt that he lacked the ancient rippling depravity, seeming burdened by a shamed and hesitating rectitude.

"I was run out by rats," said he. "Yes, sir, they run me from Kansas to 'Frisco, and then off the map—so I came to Alaska."

"You're safe here," I remarked; "there aren't any in this country."

"There wasn't any back there, either: that was the trouble. You see, me and a man misdignified by the appellation of Percival Pillie evolved something unique in the way of procuring the 'panga.'"

"What?"

"'Mazuma,' money. This here Pillie don't act like he sounds—not largely. He's been affiliated with colleges, horse-racin' and patent-medicine shows till he's infested and overrun with poetry, politeness and peculiar modes of gettin' the goods. He's united to the idea that the Pillie family lost all the money in the world and folks are forcin' it back on him as legatee. His gray pulp ain't never curdled on him yet, and he realized about this date that rats afforded a virgin field of profit, unsullied by the touch of commerce; hence the Pillie Patent Rat Eradicator.

"It comprised a piece of atmosphere surrounded by wire in such proportions that once havin' blindfolded and backed a rat into it he'd stay there; otherwise, its ingenuities wasn't much. We made up a wagonload of 'em, also a zinc tank that fitted the bed of my covered wagon, and hit the trail out into the ruralities—at least, I did. Pillie was a week ahead sellin' cologne, lightnin' rods, and Happy Hints to the Housewife, in calf, five volumes, includin' one ladies' solid chased gold watch—that is, the watches was solid, clean through, and Pillie was chased quite frequent.

"Here was our Moody-operandus: Pill traveled on schedule. At a foreordained spot our routes intersected, so 'bout dark I'd drive up in my prairie-schooner to the farmhouse where he stabled his sample-case, and camp in the road out front. After supper Percy and the farmer would wander forth and into conversations with me, during which symposium Pillie would make sarcastic allusions at my rat-traps.

"I would claim it was an invention that seduced sick rats out of bed and into captivity; no matter what strength of character they had my trap would go out an' get 'em. Such statements connived to aggravate acute incredulities in Pillie, complicated with controversy, and infectious to the hay-digger.

"I'd offer demonstration, also the laying on of wagers; the farmer would claim a foul, because he'd never seen a rat on the ranch, and didn't like me to get the worst of a bet. I'd state that absence made the trap work stronger, and if there wasn't any rats on hand it would breed 'em. I assured 'em, however, that rats was omnipresent, like mortgages.

"We'd place some traps in the barn and go to sleep, with the money in the old man's hands.

"It was a nickel-plated scheme, all right—all I kicked on was havin' my rest broke by gettin' up at midnight to fill the traps with nice live rats out of the zinc tank in the wagon.

"We had no trouble sellin' all the eradicators we cared about on a small margin—say five hundred per cent.; but that was too measly slow, so we put the patent on the market.

"Pillie would conspire with the farmer to take advantage of my ignorance and "job" me out of the patent; they'd go in on halves. Patents brought from two hundred up, accordin' to Pillie's ideas of what the man had—we let her go once for twenty dollars, as a mark of affection for a friend. We didn't care much what we got as long as we sold enough of 'em; there was patents for everybody.

"Other drawbacks was the long drives after a deal, and our inability to work the same territory twice. We did good, legitimate business, though, gettin' ahead slowly, till we sold a man whose brother, back at Fort Scott, had bought the patent a month before.

"It transpired that Pillie's Patent Rat Eradicator had a patentee in seventeen adjoining counties, and so, as I stated, I came West. The rat odor stuck to me, however. I was ratified so thorough I found it advisable to keep moving.

"One day I recognized the sheriff of Fort Scott on the street, and as there was only one steamer leaving 'Frisco that afternoon I happened into Alaska. I'd have preferred Honolulu. There's inspiring openings for high-class Christian graft among the Kanakas."

Kink's eyes gleamed with the fire of rhapsody.

He bore on his person the unmistakable marks of prosperity. They showed in the neatness of his open-necked flannel shirt and the splendor of his wide, wide Stetson. He displayed no wealth of fringed "chaps" and ornate spurs, as of old, for in the mud country hip-boots are ubiquitous; but his thighs were brown in corduroy, unfailing symptom of success.

"You look like a winner," I remarked.

"Ain't you heard about me? No? Well, say, I'm a Swede for luck. It was this way: You know, stowaways ain't generally overburdened with financial resource, and when I was drug out of the hold of that ship they put me to work as cabin-boy, makin' beds. Lord! me, thirty-five years young, jugglin' sheets, when all I know along them lines is beddin' down horses and the 'cowboy tuck.' Ever try the 'cowboy tuck'? You and your bunky lay flat on your backs; when you count three you lift your legs up high and lower 'em together, so the blanket folds underneath your feet.

"Well, amongst my clienteel was a sad-eyed little woman that I took a shine to.

"'Madam,' says I one day, speakin' through the environments of a nude feather pillow I had between my teeth, 'I'm only a workin' girl, but in spite of the difference in our stations I want to say that if you're in trouble and need a friend just push that button once and you'll have two hundredweight of gristle and cow-puncher at your service. Don't ring twice; that means ice water.'

"Say! she broke down and told me a pitiful story, how she'd put all her money in a minin' scheme of one Abramski. The thief claimed he had a lot of rich ground at Nome and had organized The Promised Land Placer and Prospecting Company, gettin' her in on the ground floor, or through the basement window. At the last minute she decided to come along on her own account for fear she'd be buncoed, and she'd just begun to see indications that her aspirations was goin' to be realized. I'd have coppered her investment myself, because I was sure Abramski hadn't ever been as close to Alaska as he was at that minute.

"I was sure of it, too, when we landed, but I helped her pitch her tent and get settled. Then I took a pasear out into the hills prospecting. I was gone a week, and when I got back I was handicapped with two dollars in currency and the kind of an appetite you remember as a boy: one that makes brass filings taste like a breakfast food. I investigated the odors emanatin' from the North Star restaurant till I decided to get rid of all this money, so as to start fresh and unhampered. I took a private box, and ordered a double sirloin, with fittings complete, ready for installation.

"As I was diminishin' my last visible means of support, under a pressure of about three pounds to the square mouthful, two Swedes come into the next box and ordered supper. From their talk I knew there was something big in the air. One of them was too excited to pronunciate; just gummed his language up and snowballed his partner with it.

"I gathered that they'd been out prospecting and struck it rich, on located ground. They'd looked up the records, and found the claim belonged to a Riley Murtagh, so now they were scourin' the camp to hand him a mess of potash for his birthright, if you choose to look at it scripturally. Neither one knew him by sight.

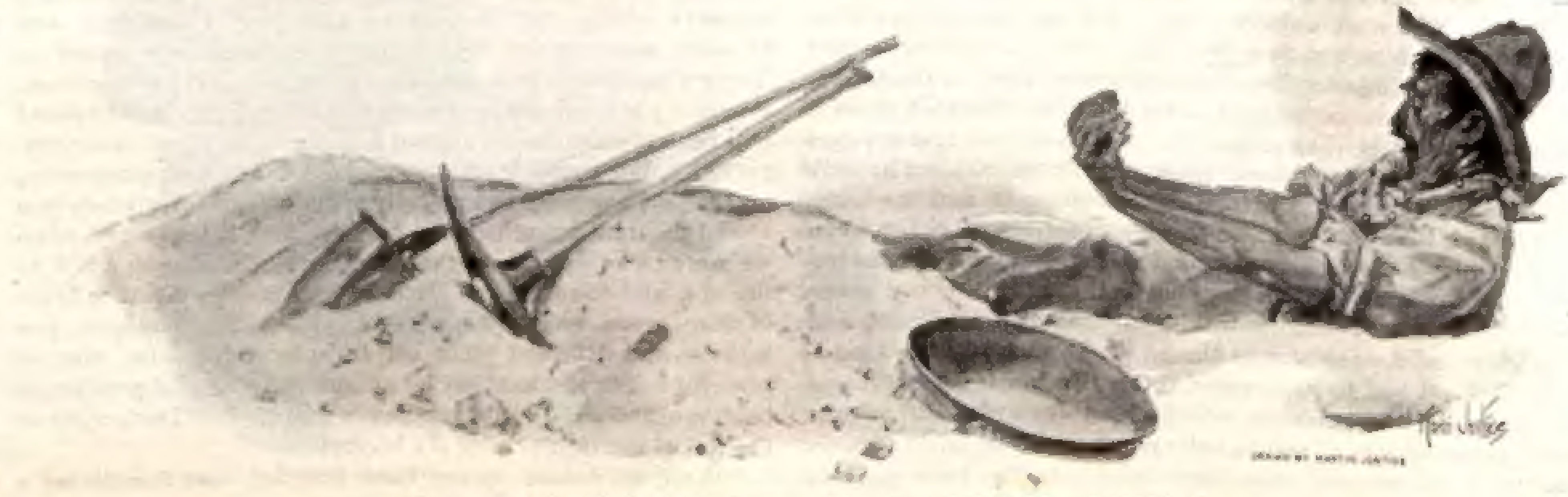
"I recalled the poet's words, 'There is a knot tied in the affairs of men which taken in time saves nine,' and I thinks: 'Kink, you're a blamed idiot to go bustin' over the hills for gold when kind Swedes bring it to you at meals.' After I'd got my two dollars loaded F. O. B. I stepped out and accosts the cashier. He was a little Irishman with pugnacities enrolled amongst his facial habiliments:

"'Those Laplanders in the next box have been castin' aspersions at me, not knowing I could hear,' says I. 'In the interest of Ireland and the Marquis of Queensberry rules would you mind introducin' me when they come out? My name is Riley Murtagh.'

"'Sure not,' says he. ''Tis a graand name. You take your choice, leavin' me the little one.' He began appropriatin' munitions of war in the nature of cups and crockery. 'Put some in your pockets,' says he; 'they'll come handy.'

"When they appeared he remarks, full of insultments:

"'Hey, Riley Murtagh,
it's the fine job for an
Irishman I have, takin'
money away from Swedes.'



"IT'S A SENSATION YOU DON'T GET BUT ONCE IN A LIFETIME"

"'Is your name Murtagh?' says one of 'em in the disembowled dialects of Sweden.

"'It is,' says the cashier; 'Riley Murtagh, me old friend.'

"'Then come with us,' and out we went, leavin' my sponsor burdened with bile and ballasted with dishes.

"After considerable elocution on weather and prospects one of 'em says:

"'Have you got any mining claims?'

"'Sure! lots of 'em.'

"'Where'bouts?'

"I named over several creeks.

"'Got anything on Glacier Creek you'd like to sell?'

"'Aha,' thinks I; 'it's on Glacier, eh?'

"'Yes, I'll sell.'

"'How much do you want?'

"'Hundred,' says I.

"I thought he'd tear his pants gettin' the money. After he'd counted out ten banknotes I says:

"'Where's the balance: the other ninety-nine thousand nine hundred?'

"'What d' you mean?' They got excited, and their language began to sour on 'em again like clabber.

"'Why, a hundred thousand dollars, of course,' I says.

"They went up in the air so that I had to stand on a chair and hook 'em down with the poker.

"'See here, gents,' says I, 'you can't flimflam Riley Murtagh. I was in the next box to you in the restaurant to-night, and heard all you said. Now, give me the full particulars and maybe I'll let you have a "lay" on the claim.'

"They were pretty decent when they saw it was all off, and took me into a back room. I came out of there a half-hour later, my knees weak as the fold in a napkin, and my optics protrudin' like the Aunt-Annie's of a crab. It was big — so big it scared me and made me sick, sick at the spot I'd squandered the two dollars on.

"I wabbled down street and claimed sanctuary in Joe Deacon's place, leanin' agin' the bar pale and disfiggered.

"'Joe,' says I, 'do you know a Riley Murtagh?'

"'Sure! that's him now,' indicatin' the sweeper, who was wettin' down the sawdust on the floor.

"'Mr. Murtagh,' says I, 'I see a location notice of yours up on Glacier Creek the other day. I'm a tenderfoot lookin' for a place to prospect. What'll you take for your claim?'

"'Thousan' dollars.'

"'You must be injured in the head,' says I. 'I'll give you five hundred.'

"'Take you! Cash deal, of course?'

"'Why, cert.,' says I, fingerin' a brass key, all I had in the world. 'Pay you this evenin'. Just give me an option till dark.'

"'Op — nothin',' says he; 'money don't talk with me — it shouts. This sellin' claims on conversation money don't tickle my funnybone. If nobody else takes her first she's yours.'

"Realizin' the situation offered opportunities for reflection, I took a walk. First thing I knew I'd landed at the little lady's tent. She was full of homesickness and joy at seein' me.

"'I'm going to fail,' she says, her lip trembling, and little rainstorms comin' into her vision. 'Mr. Abramski laughs at me. He says he's forgotten what he did with his mine; thinks he must have misplaced them — now he's going to buy a town lot and build a drygoods store. I'll never get my money back. I know it.' She had cold feet right.

"'Don't worry; I'll take you in partners with me,' says I. 'You're in on all I've got, little pal.' If she'd 'a' called me I'd been forced to give her half my clothes. 'I'm goin' to close a big deal to-night,' says I, kind of sang fraudulently, and before leavin' I'd hot-aired her spirits up considerable.

"I went back to Deacon's.

"'Joe, have you got a town lot?'

"'Sure! the one next door.'

"'Let me borrow it this afternoon, will you? There's a Jew up street with a roll that pains him like a bad tooth. I won't hurt the lot.'

"'Go to it,' says he with animations. 'Bury him deep enough so I won't be bothered, that's all.'

"Well, Abramski didn't remember me, and I had no difficulty sellin' him the lot, also three thousand feet of Oregon pine, for six hundred cash. We examined the records to see everything was straight. It was — 'Lot thirteen, block C, Front Street, Joseph O'Donnell Deacon, locator' — my name.

"I paid Murtagh at three o'clock, with a hundred to the good.

"'Look a-here,' said Deacon when I'd explained the lot transaction. 'The Jew is legitimate prey, of course, and I don't object to lettin' him own the ground for a while to help you, but I don't want him sawin' up them boards.'

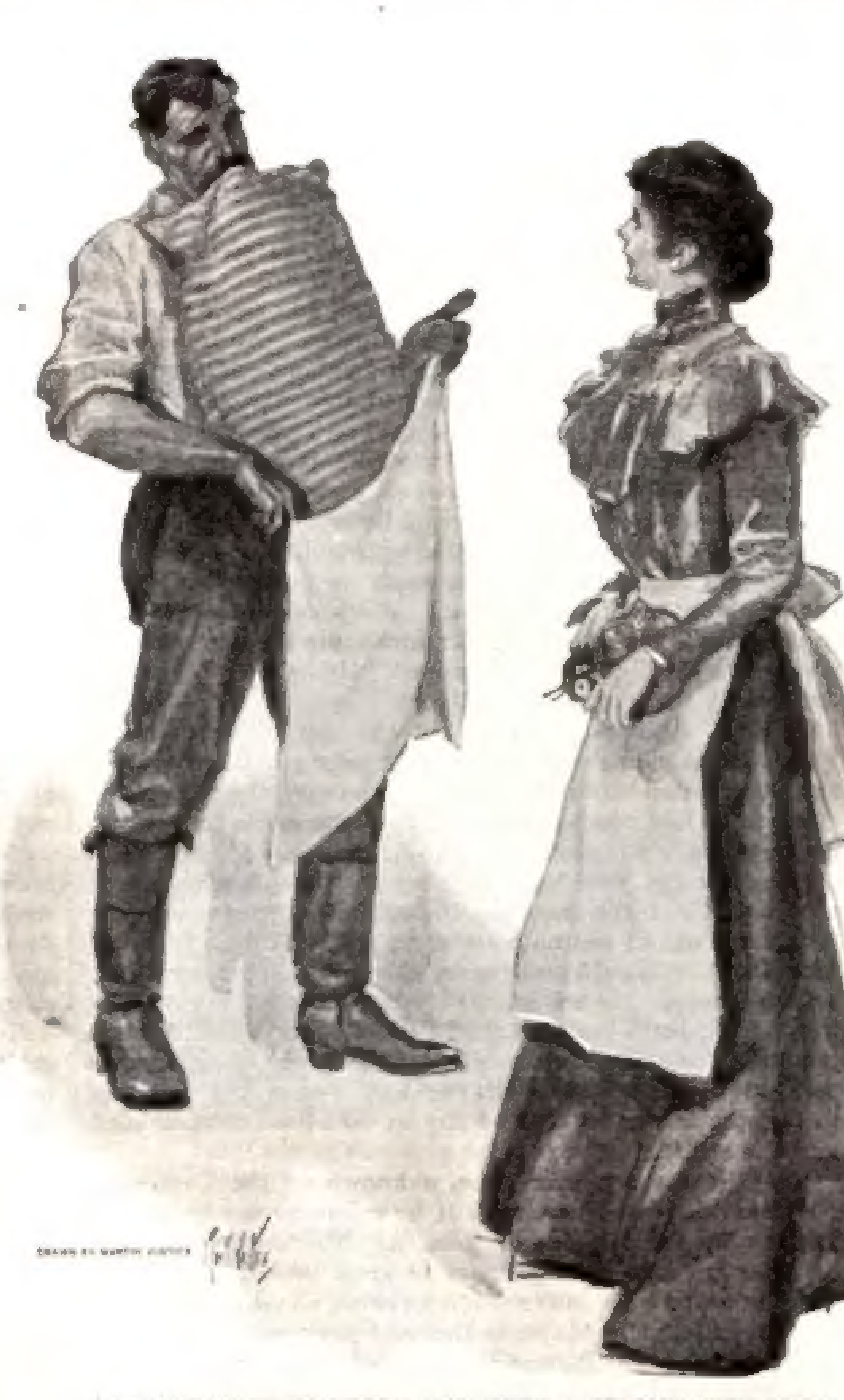
"'Enough said!' says I, so after dark I packs the lumber around back of Joe's saloon, and piles it up.

"Next morning, before day, I'm hittin' the trail to Glacier Creek, incumbered with a bill of sale of The Honest Injun bench claim, likewise a pick, pan and shovel. As I pass the lady's tent I yells:

"'I'm off for our mine, partner. You'll find two twenties and a ten under the door — your share of the first clean-up.'

"Have you ever made a strike, kid? It's a wonderful sensation, dreamy and Edmond Danteslike. I'd been so wrapped up in financiering the enterprise I hadn't rightly allowed my realizations to soak in, but as I got close to the claim my courage oozed out of me. I had to button my suspenders to my spirits to keep 'em up; I was the Heavy-Hearted Kid.

"'It's a fake,' I kept sayin', prepared for a disappointment. 'Fortune ain't addicted to favorin' the upright this way; some scoundrelly Swede'll get the goods while the honest miner works his hands to the bone tradin' real estate, and grows moral callouses toting lumber.'



"IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE AND NEED A FRIEND JUST PUSH THAT BUTTON ONCE"

"I found the Swedes' shaft all right, and give up hope. It wasn't five foot deep, and consisted of poverty-stricken red dirt, lookin' like the ground blushed for me. Anybody that had placer mined a minute could tell that gold had more self-respect than to be incriminated in such a layout. I didn't need to pan it for a test.

"Says I, 'By diggin' two feet more off of one end it'll be big enough to bury 'em both. If I ain't a successful miner I'm a terrible hit as a grave-digger,' and I commenced the visible indications of a double Swede funeral.

"I was pickin' away close to the bed-rock when something gleamed in the dirt. It's a sensation you don't get but once in a lifetime, and I knew I was a rich man before I had grabbed the dirt up. The colors lay in the clay like currants in a pudding. After I'd jabbed the pick in my foot to see I wasn't somnambulatin' I stood shoulder deep in that hole and swore, while the sweat dreened off of me in little freshets.

"My excitements had sort of coagulated when I got back to town, and I was ready for business when I see Abramski make a run at me with a weapon in his hand. He'd found out about the lot, and run amuck. It was a shiny little popgun he'd borrowed, and bein' a hammerless it didn't discommode his epiglottis like a real gun would when I rammed it down his throat.

"I pinned him agin' a door, mellering up his Adam's apple, and inserted my knee amongst his dyspepsia kind of casual. At the same time I explained I was Miss Walling's attorney in fact and fiction, and had took a change of venue with her investments, liquidatin' her stock in The Promised Land Placer and Prospecting Company, investin' it for a half interest in The Honest Injun bench claim instead. I said that if he wanted to make trouble I'd get her permission to nail his hide up on the wall and let the sun dry it. Strange how domesticated he got; due in part, perhaps, to a diet of Smith and Wesson.

"That's how the play come up," said Kink. "The Honest Injun, as you see, is workin' night and day, a livin' example of merited success and the application of modern methods." He indicated the rows of laboring men beneath us.

As he ceased speaking he consulted a huge silver watch.

"I'm goin' to meet the little lady in town at three o'clock; then we're goin' to select a diamond the size of a mud-turtle. If you're here Saturday I'd like you to stand up with me and give me away. First time I was ever married, and I get took with gooseflesh horrible every time I think of it."

I squeezed his brown hand, and he added with a strain of anxiety:

"You needn't mind tellin' her the biography of this deal, nor anything about the old days on the range. She's from Boston, you know — back where my mother come from — and she thinks I'm decent. Somehow I feel different about rat-trapping the American farmer and such things now. I ain't proud of myself, and if she ever found it out ——" His big face burned redly under its tan.

"She's romantic, too; she's changed the name of The Honest Injun to The White Knight in my honor. Do you s'pose anybody could have told her about my old habit of turning night into daytime? She's got a sign nailed over the bunk-house yonder, too, with this motto: *Sans père and sans reproche*, which I gather means without father or mother — you see, we're both orphans."

Disraeli's Wit

THE name of Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) is associated with some of the most stinging witticisms ever uttered in the British Legislature. A greater master of cool, polished, stinging irony, ridicule and invective probably never stood within the walls of St. Stephen. It has been truly said of him that, when he was prepared, not a blow missed, not a sarcasm was impeded by a weakening phrase. His peculiar tones, with his provoking frigidity of manner and affected contempt for his foe, added much to the effect of his hits. In a speech made in the House of Commons in 1846 Disraeli advised Peel to stick to quotation, because he never quoted any passage that had not previously received the meed of parliamentary "approbation"; compared him to the Turkish admiral who steered the fleet confided to him straight into the enemy's port; termed the Treasury Bench "political peddlers, that bought their party in the cheapest market and sold us in the dearest"; and compared the conversion of the Peelites to that of the Saxons by Charlemagne, "who, according to the chronicle, were converted in battalions and baptized in platoons." All the world is familiar with Disraeli's hits at Peel as one who had "caught the Whigs bathing and ran away with their clothes," as a politician who had always "traded on the ideas of others, whose life had been one huge appropriation clause," and many others.

For years Sir Robert Peel was the chief target of Disraeli's sarcasms, and so dull and spiritless, comparatively, were his speeches after Peel's death, that Sheil compared him to a dissecting surgeon or anatomist without a subject. One of Disraeli's happiest hits was in a speech made at Manchester, when he said: "As I sat opposite the Treasury Bench, the ministers reminded me of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coast of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous. There are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumbling of the sea."

One of the greatest masters of wit in his day, both in parliamentary debate and in the courtroom, was Daniel O'Connell. He could pound an antagonist with denunciation, riddle him with invective, or roast him alive before a slow fire of sarcasm. A good illustration of his style of attack is furnished by the furious altercation between him and Disraeli, when the latter turned Tory, and was pronounced by O'Connell as one "who, if his genealogy could be traced, would be found to be the lineal descendant and true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who atoned for his crimes upon the cross," a touch of satire in the vein of Swift or Byron. Probably no sarcasm of Disraeli ever made an enemy writhe with a tithe of the anguish which he himself suffered from this.

THE HILL LINES

And the Remarkable Personality Behind Them

By Frank H. Spearman

CAN anything fresh be said about James J. Hill? What railroad man since, perhaps, the first Vanderbilt or Gould has filled so large a measure of notice? Have we, indeed, a public man concerning whom anecdotes have been more searchingly recounted, or whose affairs have supplied so much material for first page newspaper stories?

Canada gave Mr. Hill to us; and we, in turn, have been generous with the Dominion, for we gave to her Sir William Van Horne. It would be temerity to say which has the best of the exchange; this thought only may be ventured—that neither side has ever suggested trading back. The work of these two men and what they have accomplished is much the same. The contrast becomes noticeable only when we consider how the two have been repaid by their adopted countries. They are each railroad builders, organizers and operators, and of the first order: men whose rank in the Bradstreet of railroad men is AaAaA1. The expatriated American has been led for distinguished services before a grateful sovereign to kneel and arise a knight of her realm. Mr. Hill's sovereign, the State of Minnesota, has periodically led her greatest son out as a public culprit, with a rope around his neck, to do penance for his services in helping, more than any other one man, living or dead, to make her all she is in wealth and development to-day.

Mr. Hill, however, has probably acquired humility: certainly he has long been patient of criticism. What is remarkable in his makeup is his boyish loyalty to his adopted country and its people, and one can speak against Minnesota or Minnesota people only at the risk of waking Mr. Hill up very seriously. Other men, tiring of continued abuse, get angry, slam their suits of project and ambition on the table, and bid good-by to the annoyances of the game: Mr. Hill only smiles, calls for fresh cards, and deals again.

I have called him patient of criticism. About 1873, when still a steamboat man, he had got together $100,000. There was then in Minnesota a little railroad called the St. Paul and Pacific that had been run probably by the legislators or statesmen of that day; at all events, it was both bankrupt and six months behind in its pay-roll. To buy it Mr. Hill needed $500,000. No one in Minnesota would lend him so much; probably no one had so much to lend. He tramped back to Canada and persuaded the Bank of Montreal, somewhat against its inclination, to let him have the needed sum.

For that loan the directors of the Bank of Montreal were seriously criticised. There were wise men as far back as 1873 to laugh at Hill projects. These said that his ridiculous purchase would ruin not only him but his Canadian friends; that the road never had paid and never could be made to pay. Yet that Jim Crow line of the seventies was the foundation of the Great Northern System, with its rails spreading across Dakota and Montana and opening on distant Puget Sound—the road that has never, from the first years of its organization, failed to pay regular dividends, and whose shares command a market and a premium when good railroad shares go begging. Nor is this all. This Great Northern System earned the money that made it possible to make a Hill line of the Burlington, with its tremendous investment of two hundreds of millions, and has made Mr. Hill and his friends a dominant interest in Northern Pacific. In this way Mr. Hill repaid not only his Bank of Montreal friends but that timid element among them who feared the loss of their $500,000. He has returned their money and made the men that stood by him then millionaires, and they are millionaires and lords of the British realm to-day.

By courtesy of the Scientific American

S. S. MINNESOTA OF THE GREAT NORTHERN S. S. CO.
THE GREATEST CARGO CARRIER IN THE WORLD

The Building of "Hill's Folly"

AFTER 1873 he moved again decisively. He declared in 1879 that he meant to put the Great Northern across the continent. His friends stood surprised, and again the wise men laughed. Hill, they said, was insane. No transcontinental road had yet been built without milking the Government; that was the primer of transcontinental railroad effort. Either the United States Treasury must be looted or an enormous grant of public lands coaxed from Congress. Did Mr. Hill, they asked, propose to build a line with his own money to compete with these subsidized whales? Moreover, did he propose building his line north of the Northern Pacific, which was already so far north that its country would not grow wheat? From conclusions drawn in this way it remained only to nickname the new venture, and the Great Northern was dubbed "Hill's Folly"; but he had set his face across the continent.

In 1893, again an ominous date, he put his foot on the Pacific Coast with the only line that ever got there without the aid of a dollar of public money or an acre of public land.

When he had reached his goal there came the prostration of the country's industries due to the late panic. Railroads everywhere fell into receivers' hands. Receivers came to the Santa Fe, receivers to the Union Pacific, receivers to the Northern Pacific; but no receiver to Hill's Folly. Mr. Hill kept his interest paid and through the panic years made just a little money. He managed his road, managed his borrowing, built a little branch once in a while, and so astonished the less fortunate owners of the Northern Pacific that they came from Berlin all the way across the Atlantic to beg the owner of Hill's Folly to take hold of *their* road and manage it.

Mr. Hill was not, even then, unknown on the Continent. He does his own financing. If he needs money he goes to London or to Berlin and gets it. No banker finances for Mr. Hill. As partners in great undertakings he works with bankers, but he needs no syndicates to underwrite his securities and pays none to do so, and he weathered the panic of 1893 with only that loyal band of friends behind him who, perhaps, were more beholden to Mr. Hill than he to them. This steamboat pioneer, who in so many ways suggests that earlier famous steamboat pioneer, Cornelius Vanderbilt, is not only builder and operator but financier as well.

Something more than executive ability is needed to succeed in fields so widely different, and to his aggressiveness as an operator Mr. Hill adds notable sagacity. His judgment has never been seriously at fault in his undertakings. To a man who knew the North less thoroughly the project of putting a railroad across the continent above the forty-eighth parallel must have proved, as all predicted it would, disastrous. But Mr. Hill knew the country and its limitless possibilities. With his grasp of things he could hardly have failed in any undertaking; he would have made a great farmer or miller or merchant. Long before this man put his road across the Rockies he had tramped on snowshoes over the drifts of the future wheat belt of the world and ridden for days behind dogs across the white and silent wastes of Canada. It was not on sunny seas nor under summer skies that Mr. Hill sought fortune; but facing the wind, heading for the wilderness, planting outposts of civilization in the teeth of the blizzard and the forest; and, with the North conquered, there remained one more decisive step—to connect it commercially with the corn belt and the manufacturing industries of the United States.

There never was but one justification for putting the Great Northern across the continent—the timber of the Puget Sound country. Of local business on such a line there could be for many years only a little. But the full horizon of an undertaking does not open at once on the vision of even the wisest of men. The operating of the Great Northern for a few years developed the imperative need of some railroad link that should connect it directly with the industrial centres and the farming country of the Middle West. With his big railroad running from St. Paul to Puget Sound, Mr. Hill knew that if he could not haul the Washington and Oregon pine East there was really not much of anything to haul. Nor would this traffic stand a rate heavy enough to cover bringing it East in a car that must go back to the coast empty. Thus, not only was he forced to provide a market for the Sound lumber, but likewise to provide westbound traffic for the return trip of his freight trains. Mr. Hill faced an exacting situation.

His own story of the efforts he made to meet this difficulty should be printed as a treatise for young traffic managers. It is impossible for an American to read it without a thrill of industrial pride that such men as this are fellow-countrymen. To discover, to develop and to create Oriental traffic Mr. Hill sent men to China and to Japan and maintained them there to investigate trade conditions. He had men in the Orient whose business it was to get a manifest of every ship that cleared a Japanese or a Chinese port: to find not alone what the exports and the imports of these countries consisted of but where the exports went. He put a traffic representative in the Orient and covered the Eastern United States with industrial ants whose work it was to turn traffic to the Great Northern. His agents found out what the factories of New England were making, and in China and Japan his men sought an Oriental market for the stuff.

Of his traffic department he asked nothing that he could not bring about himself. Distinguished Japanese guests of Mr. Hill's in 1896, building new roads in Japan, were not allowed to leave for Europe to place their orders for Belgian or English rails until, after dinner, they had had a little talk with him about it. As they were to spend a day or two in his company he asked if he might see what could be done on American rails. So considerate a host could hardly be denied, and Mr. Hill cabled friends in London for the best quotations on Antwerp and Middleboro rails and the best charters to Yokohama. He found the foreign rails could be delivered at about twenty-nine dollars a ton. He then telegraphed Chicago and told the steel men that if they would make a price of nineteen dollars and a half on American rails the Great Northern would lay them in Yokohama for eight dollars a ton. The Chicago men made the price, and Mr. Hill's railroads and steamships landed in Yokohama fifteen thousand tons of Chicago rails, the first American steel rails ever sold in Japan.

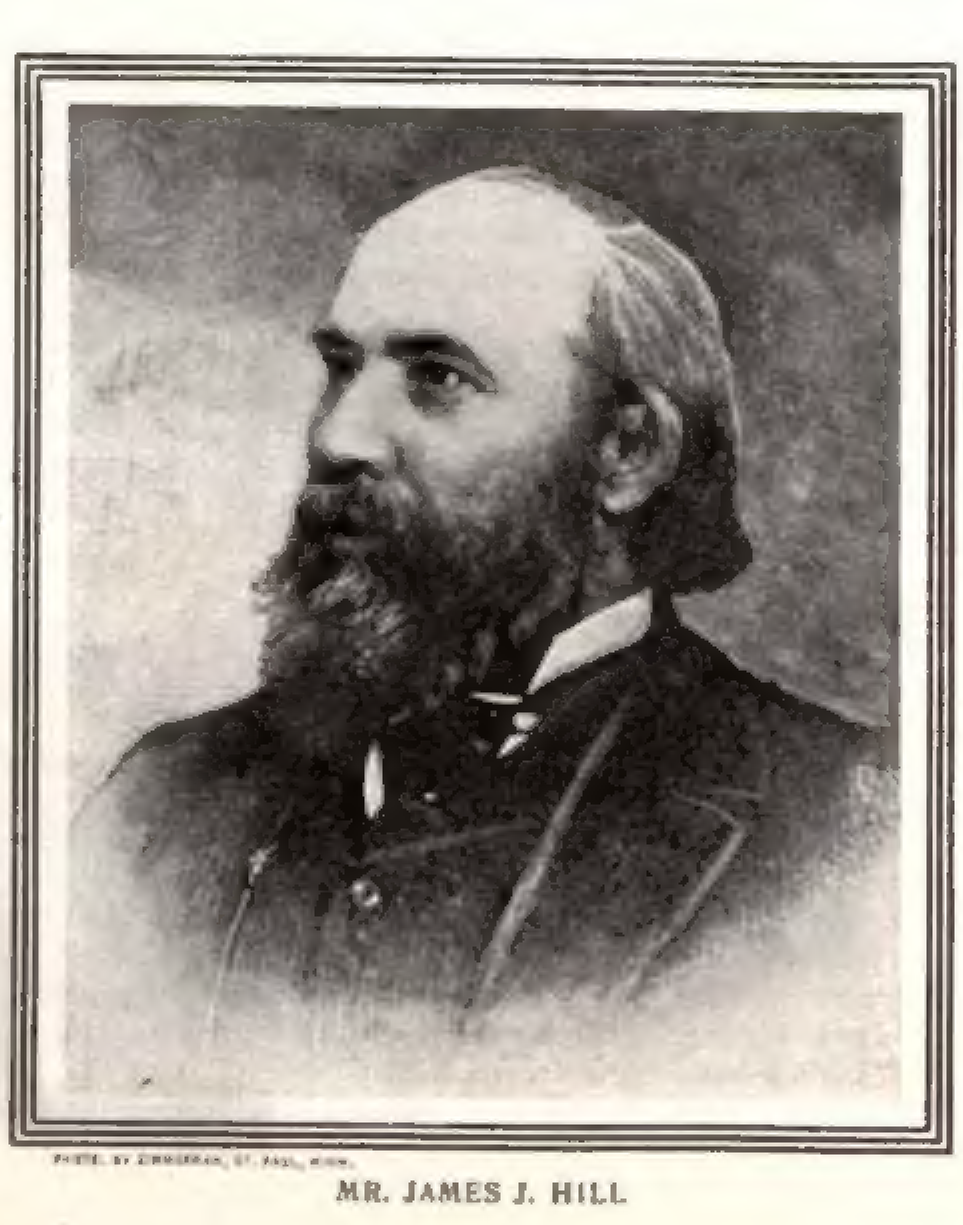


PHOTO. BY ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL, MINN.

MR. JAMES J. HILL

Editor's Note—This is the sixth in a series of articles by Mr. Spearman on the larger strategy of the great railroads. The next will appear in an early number.

The transaction was only an incident, but it illustrates Mr Hill. By this time even Japanese manufacturers had been attracted by the Great Northern policies. Passing across the American continent, a party of them were gently but firmly detained by this master builder of trade, who, fixing on them an ancient mariner eye, asked about the poor cotton they were spinning at home—the India cotton with the short staple that made the poor yarn. The Japs were disposed to stick to their cheap cotton, but they were not so easily to escape. Rather than let them go, Mr. Hill persuaded them to try one shipment of American cotton with the guaranty that if it should not prove profitable to mix our long staple cotton with the short staple from India he would pay for the trial shipment himself. Such was the beginning of a little cotton business with the Orient. Mr. Hill was not called on to pay for the trial shipment, but since then raw cotton exports to Japan have reached as high as 160,000,000 pounds in a single year, and of this quantity Mr. Hill's lines carry three-fourths. The story of cotton piece goods, which go to China, is much the same. When Mr. Hill reached Puget Sound we were exporting 65,000,000 yards; in 1902 we exported 335,000,000 yards. To understand his influence in bringing this about look up the percentage of this product that goes via Puget Sound. Practically all of this increase in cotton traffic came about through the planning of the indefatigable Mr. Hill

A Single-Handed Fight for Traffic

TO APPRECIATE, also, what this particular traffic means, consider where the raw cotton of this country comes from and where Mr. Hill's railroads lie on the Canadian border. Unless he should undertake to export Florida pineapples to Siberia, how could he possibly stir up trade between two corners of the world more remote from his own stamping ground? Moreover, a man familiar with railroad conditions in the South, if asked why freight rates on cotton are high will answer that it is not alone because cotton is hazardous as a commodity and represents, pound for pound, ten times the value of corn, but that the market is a limited one; that if all the cotton lands in the State of Mississippi were cultivated they alone would supply the American cotton now used in the world. There is no incentive, unless the market can be constantly enlarged, for Southern roads to carry cotton cheaper. Here, then, comes a railroad man from the far Northwest, and single-handed supplies the primary incentive; and if the trade with the Orient ever becomes considerable Southern cotton will be marketed cheaper everywhere because a man whom cotton growers never saw, and whom thousands never heard of, is now sending their product from Galveston and New Orleans, on the Gulf of Mexico, to Yokohama, Japan, by way of Puget Sound Observe, too, the exceedingly delicate adjustment of traffic conditions: this happens not because there are not equally strong railroads to the coast farther South, but because those roads lack the Puget Sound lumber to bring East in the cars that take the cotton West, and it costs practically as much to pull an empty car as a loaded one. The Santa Fe, therefore, prefers delivering Texas cotton to Mr. Hill's Burlington road at St. Louis to hauling it to California

But neither a fortuitous shipment of steel rails nor a modestly growing cotton business by any means solves Mr Hill's traffic problems. It is a question of unceasing effort to build up commodity business. He carries nails and wire, in great quantities, from Lake Erie to Hongkong for forty five cents a hundred pounds. A city man can hardly get a keg of nails from a downtown shop to his suburban home for less than Mr Hill carries a similar keg across a continent and an ocean, ten thousand miles. Such a rate, of course, is very low, and calls for the closest figuring to leave a margin of profit. The Hill Lines are compelled, to use his own forcible words, to look for anything and everything that will supply westbound business, whether destined for the Pacific Coast, for Alaska, Honolulu, China, Japan, the Philippines—anywhere, if they would keep their freight cars loaded both ways. Moreover, if an international traffic is to be established the first absolute requisite is permanent rates; not merely day in and out, but substantially year in and out; and Mr. Hill found that unless he could make his rates permanent he could not hope to succeed in his huge enterprise.

Thus a military necessity confronted him: that of freeing himself from the uncertainty of joint rates which might be one thing to-day and a wholly impossible thing to-morrow He needed access over his own rails to Chicago and St Louis and to the factories and farms of the corn belt. In a word, he must be able to make his own rate from where the traffic originates to where his shippers market it. Connecting lines whose interests might lie to-day in a favorable joint rate to the Orient might to-morrow conclpde that there was nothing in the business, and withdraw it. Mr. Hill, in order to hold his ground, saw himself compelled to extend his lines into the lower Lake country and the Mississippi Valley

The conclusion forced him into the greatest undertaking of his already remarkable career. To build such a road as he required would be a matter of years: he needed one ready-to-wear, and he needed a great deal of money to make the purchase. This time $500,000 would not do, nor a million, nor several millions; he needed now hundreds of millions: but his credit was still good, and, taking in a reliable partner whose interests coincided with his own, he bought the Burlington road.

The story of the Burlington is in itself out of the ordinary It has always been aggressive in its management and peculiarly successful in its ventures. Any Western railroad man esteems himself fortunate when he can get business away from the Burlington. To take a fall out of the Burlington is a feather in any traffic manager's cap, and it is odds that for some time thereafter he will be kept busy in holding his ground, for, unless a very handy man, he is likely to be thrown on the defensive at once. This curiously strong grip on business has never been advanced by the cutting of rates, but rather by a keen realization of the fact that business, like kissing goes by favor. The Burlington management has always been characterized by astuteness, and its people have cultivated the art of making friends. Mr. Perkins, who made the wonderful road what it is, never liked to have enemies or trouble. His motto was, briefly, eighty per cent of the business and peace and it is astonishing how closely he approximated his ideal. Somehow, too, the Burlington road succeeded in creating among its men an *esprit*, a loyalty to itself, so that former Burlington officials refer with certain pride to the old road. When one meets, East or West, on American roads a Burlington man he is conscious, too, of a consideration of the sort that asks, Now, what can I do for *you?* rather than, What can you do for *me?* And so widely have the graduates of the road been distributed in railroad circles that at one time, not many years ago, the executive officers of each of our transcontinental lines were Burlington men. It is not fanciful, then, to assert that, in addition to 8700 miles of track and equipment in prime condition, Mr Hill took over in the goodwill of the Burlington, a valuable asset in itself

HERE FELL CUSTER
JUNE 25 1876.

IN THE TERRITORY OF THE HILL LINES

The Resources of the Burlington

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Mr. Hill found that the road lay precisely to his Northern needs. The Burlington, with a base on the Great Lakes, extends into the Rocky Mountains It is powerful on the Mississippi River, and on the Missouri it is paramount. Its mileage in the State of Nebraska alone would give it a trunk line from New York to Salt Lake City, and its Iowa mileage added would extend such a line to Los Angeles or Puget Sound. One arm of the Burlington connects Chicago and Denver; another, striking from St. Louis and Kansas City, enters Nebraska at its extreme southeastern corner, winds through the Black Hills of Dakota and Wyoming, and crosses the Crow Reservation in Montana to unite with the Northern Pacific. Here its right of way, lying within the shadow of the Big Horn Mountains, drops into the valley of the Little Big Horn River and follows the fatal path that Custer and the Seventh Cavalry followed in June, 1876. It is historic ground. Amid the wastes of this far and silent desolation the traveler finds a soldiers' cemetery. A tragic feature marks its headstones; they are nameless, for here Custer with 260 men, surrounded by the Sioux and Cheyennes, made his last stand Where each skeleton, bleached by the summer's sun, lay on the field, a stake was driven and a stone now marks the spot

This is the link of the Burlington that connects the Puget Sound roads with the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes; with the Western smelters at Denver, in the Black Hills, at Kansas City and Omaha and at Aurora, Illinois, with the cotton roads at St. Louis and Kansas City; with the packing-houses at Omaha, St. Joe, Kansas City and Chicago On the Mississippi River the Burlington taps every town from Minneapolis to St. Louis, and it reaches a large percentage of the manufacturing industries of Illinois

But of more vital importance than all these things, the Burlington covers the lumber-consuming States of the country. It counts 1400 miles of trackage in Iowa, a State which is not only the greatest consumer of lumber in the Union but exceeds in its consumption any three States. Mr. Frederick Weyerhauser has said that he would rather have the lumber trade of Iowa than that of any three other States put together. Mr. Hill is probably right, then, in saying that for the development of *his* natural resources, so to call them, the Burlington is of as much value to him as perhaps all other Western roads combined

Mr. Hill's Long Arm

WITH Michigan already on the point of consuming more lumber than it supplies, the significance of his early foresight in building into the Puget Sound timber country, and later in securing an outlet for its timber through direct entry into the big domestic lumber markets, becomes apparent. Of equal moment is the enormous Oriental traffic Mr. Hill had created in American flour. American flour gets only as far as the Chinese ports and along the coast; local taxation prevents its reaching the interior of the empire. Even on the coast it is used more as a confection than as a staple for bread; still, last year Puget Sound carried 2,000,000 barrels of flour to the Orient. Ten years ago Mr. Hill found Puget Sound wheat going to Liverpool by way of Cape Horn. To-day it is practically all ground at home into flour which his boats carry to China. These Sound exports of flour have in ten years increased 617 per cent. The Hill roads are now putting into commission a line of new steamships for Oriental traffic, two of which, taken together, exceed in capacity the combined tonnage of the entire Canadian Pacific fleet from Vancouver. Landing, as he is, then, American flour and nails in Hongkong and, save for the present hostilities, American cotton and rails in Yokohama, bringing the forests of Washington to the prairie farms of Iowa, stirring up trade in every port of the Far East and in credit among the most careful bankers of Europe whose money he is borrowing on his own notes to develop the Northwest, is it possible that a charge of plotting in restraint of trade can successfully be maintained against this man? Has Mr. Hill burned any one's refineries, blown up any rival railroad bridges, bought any lines to dismantle them, driven other railroads out of business, or wrecked them to freeze out stockholders and bondholders? It would be competent, conceivably, for the managers of other railroads, the Canadian Pacific, for instance, to ask that Mr. Hill be restrained from further attempts at getting *their* trade: that which will be incredible to men fifty years from now is that he should ever have been assailed by the circumstance and dignity of the United States as an industrial wrongdoer

It should console Mr Hill, however, to reflect that in the canonization of really great men the first appropriation of public moneys is for fagots, the quarrying of the marble usually being left to the third and fourth generations. Perspective is needed for the right estimate of extraordinary men, and it is supplied by time: our mental mirrors are fitted to reflect the ordinary kind, others blur on them We call Mr. Hill, freely, Jim Hill, as Genoans, perhaps, referred colloquially to Chris Columbus. Chris was at too close range for them quite to comprehend. Spain doubtless at that day was filled with bigger men than the Italian adventurer; yet history, forgetting their names, spells his in full

How can the story of the Northwest ever be written without the story of Hill? When he put his road across the continent he stood on end the railroad egg of the North and showed men how simple and easy it was, after all. Napoleon's first question was, What has he done? That question must always be answered in attempting fairly to place Mr. Hill among the men who have developed and created American trade and industry. He is the last of our great railroad pioneers. We cannot hope for more men to fill such niches in our history because there are no more such niches to be filled. There are no longer within our borders railroad wildernesses to be explored; of these Mr. Hill has thrown open the last.

HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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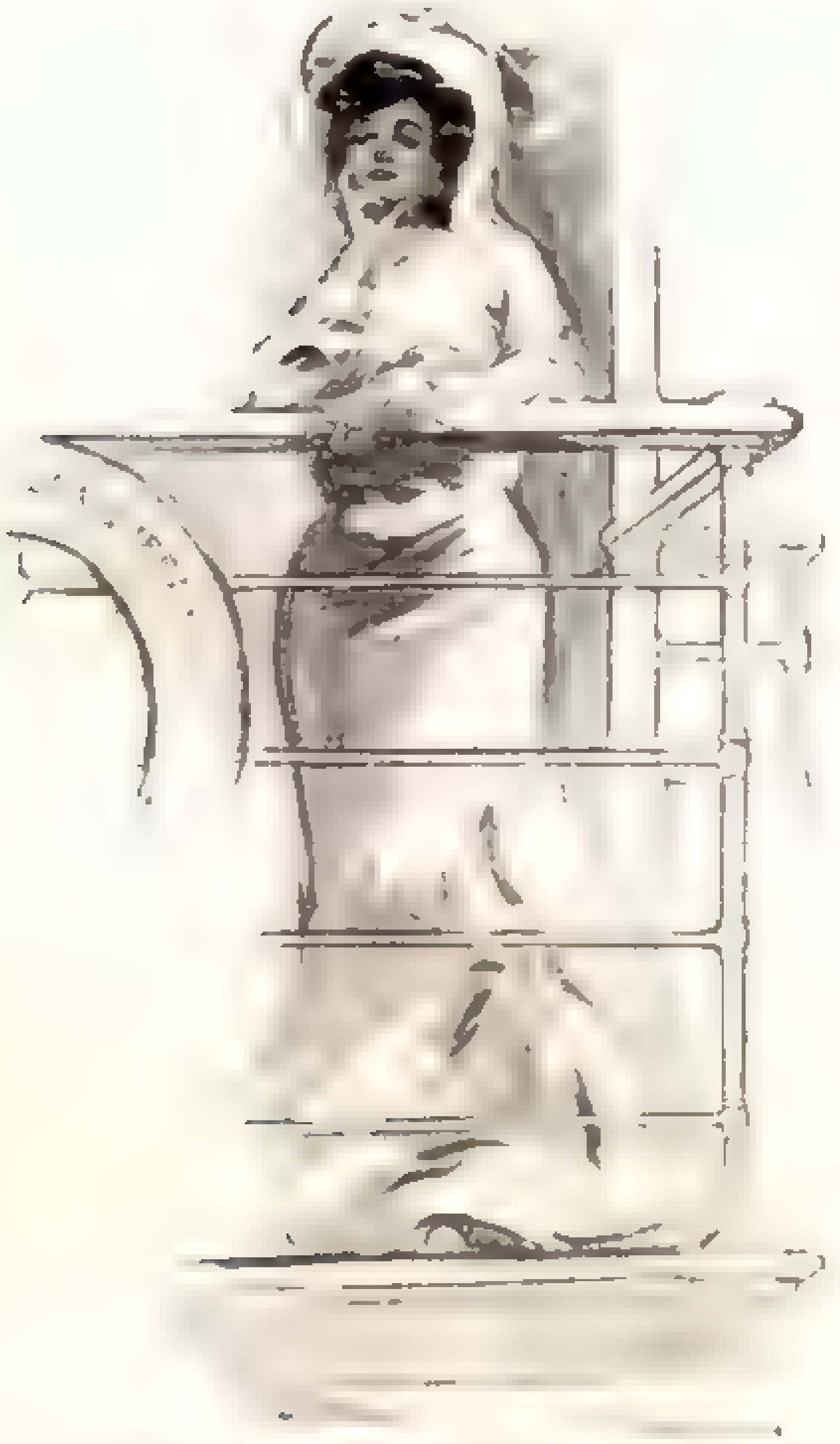


"IT WAS MOST EXCITING, DOCTOR, TO BE CHASED BY A PIRATE"

CHAPTER VII—THE RISING

IN ADVISING that the yacht's course should be laid for Rio I assumed that possibly the mutineers would not have completed their arrangements, and would be taken by surprise. My assumption was justified, though its very correctness came near to wrecking what reputation I had left as a man of sense. I had long recognized that I was looked upon as having a bee in my bonnet, and the fact that we arrived safely in the port must have increased the doubts of those who knew I was responsible for the alteration of the course. The change could not, of course, be concealed very long. The watch was privy to it when Day set the new course, and by next morning it was all over the ship. Yet the same dignified routine proceeded; no one volunteered any act of violence; and if I believed in myself no one else did, I am sure. Little Pye mused openly on the change, but withdrew himself at once into his legal reticence when I also expressed my surprise. To say the truth, I was not anxious that it should be known that I was the author of the alteration, and so made inquiries with a show of innocence. Nor do I think that any one suspected me, for neither the Prince nor Day would be likely to talk. Day, indeed, surprised me. He thanked me privately for my medical advice, and, with a smile, added:

"Perhaps I should say also nautical."

I shook my head, smiling also. "It was political, Captain, and that's all."

He nodded absently and said suddenly: "I think, Doctor, I shall get rid of Pierce at Rio."

I was heartily glad to hear this, and would have suggested that Holgate also should go, but refrained. I knew not how far his improvement would bear the strain of the suggestion.

We lay at anchor in the bay to coal, and the passengers took themselves off to the shore, Mlle. Trébizond in a wild flutter of excitement. This meant for her the nearest approach to Paris, I suppose, that was available. At least, she was in great spirits, and appeared for the first time on the deck and talked with the officers. As we entered the harbor we heard the sound of music pouring from the saloon, which had never yet been used by the party, and on that the rich notes of a fine mezzo-soprano. The little exhibition arrested the men at their work, and, after that long passage of silence, seemed to wake us up and put us in a better mood. As it was disagreeable on board during the coaling operations I, too, followed the party on shore in the company of Barraclough.

We had arrived at midday, and the yacht was to sail on the following evening, for the simple methods of coaling in Rio protract the business. I lunched at the English Hotel, and occupied the time in the usual manner of the sightseer visited the summit of the hill by the Alpine Railway, and walked negligently in the Botanical Gardens. I slept ashore and was joined on nightfall by Lane, who was full of the gust of living. He could only be said to enjoy himself when he got ashore, and yet he could not keep off the sea. I learned from him with satisfaction that Pierce, the boatswain, was gone, paid off at the captain's orders. So there was something for my consolation. I breathed a little more freely, and inquired further. But the rest of his information was not so satisfactory. Besides the passengers, Day, Barraclough, McCrae and himself had come ashore, leaving Legrand with Holgate and little Pye to represent what might be termed the aristocracy of the deck; and next morning I got a glimpse in the streets of Pye, so that Holgate was, barring the second officer, master of the yacht. I will confess I did not like this look of things, so deep was my distrust of Holgate. In the Rua do Ouvidor I had a fleeting vision of Princess Alix and Mlle. Trébizond as they turned into a shop; but for the rest I enjoyed myself as a stranger to the Sea Queen and one with no concern in her fortunes.

It was late afternoon when I got to the quay to take a boat to the yacht; for, as I calculated, that would leave me a full hour to the time appointed for sailing. Judge, then, of my amazement when I saw her standing out, the smoke wrack flying abaft, and trudging steadily for the mouth of the harbor. I stood, then, I think, fully three minutes before I moved or took action, but during that space of time I had jumped at the conclusion I was not wanted aboard. Was it Day? No, the idea was absurd, as he was most meticulous in his observation of the conventions. It certainly was not the Prince. The inference was only too obvious. The hour of sailing had been shifted. By whom?

I sprang down to the foot of the quay where one of the big two-decked harbor ferryboats was lying.

"Is your steam up?" I shouted to a man on the bridge. "I want you to catch that yacht."

He stared at me in astonishment, and shook his head. I shouted back again, and he replied in Portuguese, I assume, of which tongue I am quite ignorant. I clambered aboard and made my way to him, by which time he had been joined by another man with gold lace around his cap. I repeated my query in French, and the second man replied indolently: "It is impossible."

"I will give you twenty pounds if you catch her," I said, and fumbled in my mind for some computation in their wretched currency. I do not know how many hundred thousand reis I mentioned, but it seemed to have some effect. Both men stared after the yacht. I added several hundred thousand more reis, and they were plainly shaken. Heaven knew why I should have been offering my poor money for the sake of Prince Frederic of Hochburg. I did not stop to reason, but acted merely on impulse. The man with the gold band went to the speaking-tube and shouted down it. The other man began to give brisk orders in a small, thin voice. Evidently my offer was accepted. I turned and looked out into the bay, and there was the Sea Queen still steaming leisurely for the heads.

When once the ferryboat shook herself loose she made fair way. She champed and churned in a fussy fashion, and the great steel crank in her middle began to thud in a terrifying manner. We had backed out, and were driving down the harbor at the rate of perhaps nine knots. Was the Sea Queen making more? It was impossible to judge at that distance. The yacht might have been a mile away, and if she were going as fast as we it would probably be impracticable to attract her attention for some time, until, at any rate, we were clear of the shipping. Surely, then, the sight of a cumbrous ferryboat beating down on an unwonted journey to the heads would draw their eyes and fill their speculations. We were three miles out twenty minutes after starting, and now it was obvious that we were not making ground but losing. The trail of the smoke swept the water behind her, and her nose was plunging for the open sea. I was in despair. I shouted to the captain in the effort to get him to hoist signals, and at last one was found which suited the emergency. I have forgotten what it was, but it apparently signified that help was required immediately. But still the yacht held on, and the distance between us grew.

It seemed that I was, after all, destined to be free of the fortunes of that ship, whatever they might be, and I stood by the captain of the ferryboat with a feeling of defeat and helplessness, silent and almost resigned. And then, by one of those strange ironies, the solution came to me—came to me, too, just as mere selfish considerations were asserting themselves. I had thought of the Prince and the conspirators if I had thought at all, certainly not of myself, and now came the reflection that I had pledged my last sovereign in the endeavor to catch the yacht, and that I was to be landed again in that foreign port penniless. Was it under the stimulus of that thought that I recalled of a sudden the first appearance of the Sea Queen in my life, and remembered the flash of the rocket?

"Have you any rockets?" I asked, turning abruptly round.

The man stared, smiled deprecatingly, and shook his head. He addressed his mate in Portuguese, and they held an animated conversation. Finally he turned to me, and the mate went below.

"There is one, he believes, monsieur," said the captain. "It was for saving life, but it is old."

Well, old or new, I was resolved to try it, and presently, when the mate appeared with a huge bomb in his hands, we set ourselves to work. The men by this time were interested, and we had the rocket rigged in a trice. The anxious moment was when we came to fire it. Would it fizzle out? Was the touch long gone?

It resisted sullenly for some minutes, and then unexpectedly took the bit in its teeth, if I may put it that way, and bolted. In the summer evening sky was a great rush of light, and in my ears the hissing of a hundred serpents. Then there was silence, and the light describing its arc vanished into the water ahead. I gazed anxiously; but it was not until ten minutes later that we were able to judge of the success of our venture. Then the little captain tapped me on the shoulder, beaming. He did not trust to his inadequate French, but pointed. I had already seen the Sea Queen lay to.

A quarter of an hour later I stepped aboard her, and the man who let down the gangway was Holgate.

"Why, Doctor, we thought you were in your cabin. A near shave!" said he.

"Pretty close," said I. "I thought the hour was six."

"It was changed to five by the captain's orders," he replied. "Notice was sent duly."

"It missed me," I answered cheerfully; "I wasn't at the hotel at the time."

I passed him and met Legrand, who stared at me.

"It's not your ghost, Doctor?"

"No," I said in a low voice. "But maybe it will come to ghosts yet."

He stroked his short beard and turned about. Day, I found, was surveying me from the bridge in the most elegant suit of ducks.

"Now that you have arrived, Doctor Phillimore, perhaps we may be allowed to proceed," he said sarcastically.

I made no reply, but went aft, where my adventures must be poured into Lane's ears Barraclough looked me up and down in his cool, indifferent way.

"Come aboard, sir?" he said with a grin.

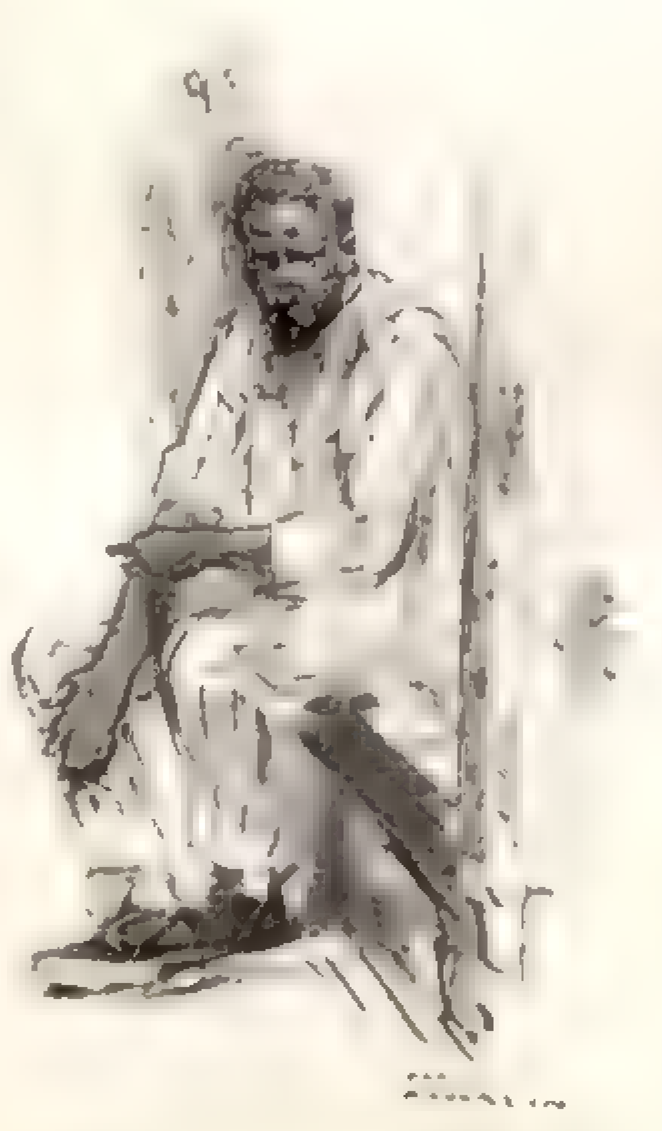
"Yes," said I with a deliberate drawl. "It cost me just twenty-five pounds."

"D——d if I wouldn't sooner have stayed and had a good old time," said Lane. "What's the use of a bally ship?"

"Oh," said I, "being a millionaire I can't tell. If I'd only thought of it, Lane, I might have followed your advice."

"Didn't you get the notice?" asked Pye.

"No; I was enjoying myself, you see. I'm a careless fellow, but I'm a modest one also; and I've made too much of a sensation for my taste."



I FOUND HIM WITH HIS ARM BARED

"You're fond of sensations, my good sir," said Sir John with his abominable arrogance.

"Well, if you'll allow me I'll shed all I can of this that is clothes," I replied calmly, and I went below.

When I had had a bath and assumed my yachting costume I came on deck again, only to meet Day in a furious temper, as I could tell from his eyes. I explained the circumstances of my mishap, adding that I had not received my notice, which was no doubt my fault

"I certainly might have made more changes at Rio than I did," he said maliciously, and passed by me.

It was ungracious, but the man was not responsible. From the deck above the face of Mlle. Trébizond peered down at me, smiling and handsome

"It was an adventure," she said in her English, showing her pretty teeth. "It was most exciting, Doctor, to be chased by a pirate."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, mademoiselle," said I politely. "I take some credit to myself for the rocket."

"Oh, but it should have been dark — that would have been much better," said she. "Come up and tell us all about it."

After a momentary hesitation I obeyed, and when I reached the deck I found the Princess Alix there. Once more I explained my misadventure, and Mlle. Trébizond chatted and laughed in great good-humor. She had made many purchases, but complained of the shops. She could not get her favorite perfume, she protested, and wondered how people could live in such remote regions. Then she tired of me, I suppose, and walked off, leaving me to the Princess. Her blue eyes, as cold as her brother's, flashed a question at me.

"It was not an accident?" she said.

"The notice, I find, was sent last night after Mr. Morland had communicated with Captain Day. It should have reached me at the hotel early this morning. It didn't."

"I see." She looked toward the forts at the mouth of the harbor which we were then passing. "I am glad you did your duty in rejoining the yacht," she said next.

I think I was between amusement and irritation at her words, for, after all, I considered that it was not a time to talk of duty when I had been the victim of a trick, and had, after my own poor fashion, paid so heavily for it. I might even have looked for a sentence of thanks for my zeal. But the Princess was a Princess still, despite that she was also Miss Morland and the sister of a man who had thrown away all to contract a morganatic marriage. But amusement got the upper hand. I smiled.

"Oh, we English have usually a severe sense of duty," I replied, "at least, when it comes to a pinch. On the other hand, of course, we lack discipline."

She glanced at me, and with a little bow moved away. I was dismissed.

The yacht was pointed now for Buenos Ayres, at which port it was clear that for reasons of his own Prince Frederic was anxious to arrive. It was not until the second evening, however, that anything of importance occurred, but that was of considerable importance. I had occasion to pay a visit to the stokehole, where one of the men had injured his hand, and I had finished my work and was mounting the grubby wire ladder when a fireman passed me with averted face. I hardly glanced at him, and certainly did not pause the least fraction of a second; but to the half-glance succeeded a shock. The nerves, I suppose, took a perceptible instant of time to convey the recognition to the brain, but despite the grime on his face and the change in his appearance I could not be mistaken. It was Pierce, the discharged boatswain.

Here was news, indeed. Pierce, whom Day thought he had got rid of in Rio, was employed as stoker on the yacht. How came he there? This bespoke treachery again, and now I began to get some notion of how vast and subtle was the web of the conspiracy. It could not be that only a few were concerned in it. Holgate had been right. How many hands could we depend on? Who put Pierce in his present situation? I went on deck in a fume of wonder and excitement. Plainly something was hatching, and probably at that very moment. If Pierce thought I had recognized him it would, doubtless, precipitate the plans of the villains. There was no time to be lost; and so, first of all, I went — whither do you suppose? To see the Princess.

She received me in her boudoir, where she was reclining in an evening gown that fitted her beautiful figure closely, and she rose in astonishment. But at once her eyes lighted.

"You have something to tell me?" she inquired.

"Yes," said I. "The man who was dismissed is still on board. He is acting as stoker."

She compressed her lips, and eyed me.

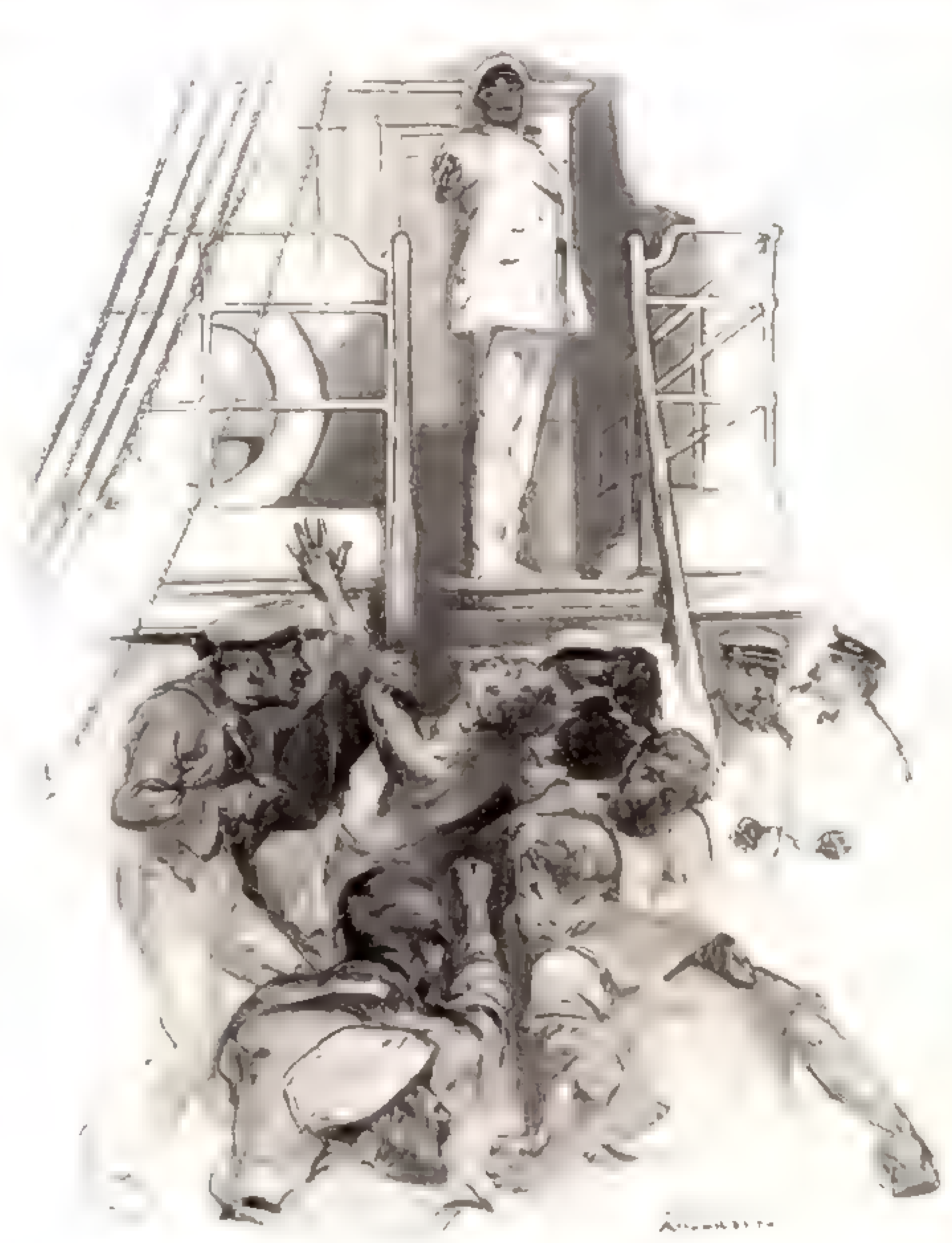
"That spells business, madam," said I.

"What is to be done?" she asked quietly, but I could see her bosom moving with excitement.

"I have come to you first, because it is you who must prepare the Prince and persuade him of the crisis. I will go to the captain with my tale, and Heaven knows how I shall be received. It is the Prince who must act."

"Yes, yes," she said quickly. "Go at once; I will find my brother"

Day was in his cabin, and, knocking, I entered without waiting for permission. I found him with his arm bared and a syringe in his hand. He stared at me, and scowled.



THE PRINCE WAS SHOOTING AS CALMLY AS IF AT SO MANY PARTRIDGES

"There is no time for words, sir," said I. "Pierce is on board, and there is danger. There will probably be a rising to-night."

He threw the syringe down. "I'm very glad to hear it," he declared in even tones. "Take that away, Doctor. Where's Sir John Barraclough?"

I told him he was on the bridge.

"Send Mr. Legrand to me, and——" he broke off. "But how do you know?" he asked suspiciously.

"It is not a case of knowledge. It is a case for preparation," I said. "If we have the arms distributed——"

I was interrupted by a sharp report from below. Day ran out in his pajamas, and I followed. We heard Barraclough's voice from the bridge raised angrily:

"Go back there, man; get back, Gray."

It was a pitch black night, save for the glittering stars, and I could only make out a knot of men at the head of the ladder leading from the lower deck.

"What the deuce do you mean?" shouted Barraclough; and then all of a sudden the knot of men opened in a struggle, and a man burst through and dashed toward us, falling at my feet.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," he panted out, "they've seized the engine-room, and Mr. McCrae's shot. Pierce done it."

I recognized by his voice Grant, one of the deck hands, and I helped him to his feet.

"Who's this?" I asked, but before he could reply the gang of men approached nearer, and some one spoke from their midst. It was Holgate.

"Captain Day, I regret to state that the men are not satisfied with the way things are being conducted," he said in a level voice. "They are not satisfied with their pay, for one thing, and there are other matters. No harm is intended, but they have decided that I am to take your place, and for the present you are to consider yourselves prisoners — particularly the doctor," he added.

The offensive assurance of the man made me boil, but on Day it seemed to have a curiously astringent effect.

"So, Mr. Holgate, there has been a council of war," he said quietly, even dryly, "and you are to step into my shoes. I will give you three minutes to retire from the deck. Go back! I tell you. Do you hear, men? Go back!"

His acrid voice rang out thinly, but Barraclough above shouted hoarsely:

"Captain Day, can't you do something to them!"

At this moment I was aware of noises on the promenade deck, and, looking up, saw the Prince's figure outlined dimly against the stars

"You have your orders," he called out in his deep voice. "Go back to your quarters."

There was a pause, and then the silence was broken by a shot, and one of the men fell. A second report rang out, and a curse rose on the air. A third followed, and the men turned and retreated.

From the hurricane deck came still another shot, and they tumbled down the ladder pell-mell. The Prince was shooting as calmly as if at so many partridges. I ran downstairs and fetched my revolver, and when I returned I could hear no sound from the lower deck. Barraclough met me at the door of the saloon.

"There's not a pound of steam on her," he said. "The brutes have shut off the valves"

"Let her go," said I. "We have something more important on our hands. They'll be here again. The Prince took them by surprise. No English captain would have used his weapons so."

"No, by Heaven!" he exclaimed "This makes it a question of——"

He paused. Mr. Legrand came running along the deck. "We've got it now," he said. "Oh, we've got all we want now."

"Look here," said I. "Is Ellison with you? I'm sure he's got in this."

"Yes," said Barraclough.

"Well, post him at the ladder, and here's Grant. Let's find out how we stand."

"It'll be hot work to-night," said Legrand.

Day's voice came to us from his cabin door. "Sir John Barraclough, be good enough to place all the men you can trust on guard, with orders to fire in case of necessity. I shall be obliged for your company and that of the officers in my cabin."

We had four men, including Ellison, on the deck, and there was also the man at the wheel who had not quitted his place through all these events. One could surely rely upon a man with such a sense of duty, so, having made such dispositions as were possible, Barraclough followed us to the captain. The ladies, I hoped, were safe in their cabins, as I heard no sound of them

Day was brief and businesslike. "Doctor Phillimore was right," said he. "I ask his pardon. We must see how many men we have. There is Mr. Lane and Mr. Pye. Where is Mr. Pye?"

"I am here, sir," said the little clerk from the back.

"That makes, including Mr. Morland, twelve men to depend on, so far as we know — if, that is," he added almost with a sneer, "we can depend on them."

"Grant may know more," said Legrand.

"Bring him," said Day, and opened the door to the Prince.

Prince Frederic was cool and collected, and showed little to mark the disturbance and bloodshed of the last quarter of an hour; little, unless it were in the increased blue of his eyes, which shone frostily.

"Have you all your men, Captain?" he asked in his determined German way, quite free of vivacity.

"We are sure of twelve," said Day, "and are trying to find out about the others, so as to separate the sheep and goats"

But here was Grant arrived, blood on his face, and a brisk air of savagery about him.

"Grant, who are the mutineers?" said the captain.

"Couldn't speak to 'em all, sir," said the man. "I knew nothing of it till half an hour ago, when I ran into them, and they seized me. There was Gray and Pierce, and Mr. Holgate and Granger, and half a dozen in the lot that took me."

"Do you mean to say you had no inkling of this?" said Day with asperity.

(*Continued on Page 23*)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The smart man soon smarts for his smartness.

¶ Americans go West for politics, East for campaign funds

¶ A great battleship is a splendid theory — which is easily exploded.

¶ A modern miracle is the building of a house within the original estimates.

¶ Somehow, an expert golf player always looks as if he ought to be at work

¶ A little Cupid is to blame for some marriages, and a little cupidity for others.

¶ A Presidential candidate is known by the opinions he tries to keep to himself.

¶ Woman's bitterest failure is marrying for a home and getting into a boarding house.

¶ When women get the ballot they lose interest in using it. There is only one hope: make the ballot the fashion and trim it differently in each campaign.

¶ The youth and the girl with slender resources who decide that two can live as cheaply as one soon agree that food doctors are right in saying people eat too much.

¶ It is a mistake to say the Europeans kill the American goose that lays the golden eggs. They simply take the eggs and pluck the feathers, knowing that there will always be more geese.

¶ Mr. Carnegie's five-million-dollar gift for heroes is admirable, but modern conditions and heroics do not go well together. For instance, Casablanca would have no burning deck to stand on, and would not be able to repeat more than two of his lines before the mass of steel would turn turtle.

Heroes

SIX years ago our country sent to war her ships and her battalions. In a short while from land and sea came great news, and the names of Santiago, San Juan and Manila were acclaimed from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. When our captains came home the nation rose to meet them, we stretched our hands to them, we gloried in them, and drums and trumpets sang in our streets. Thus, in 1898, did we honor our heroes. And next?

From that band of sailors and soldiers, what figure to-day is left unspattered with the mud of our abuse? One has been jeered from our esteem; another has been hastened by envious factions to an unhappy grave; all have been assailed Only the fortunate Oregon has escaped our weathercock attention.

Such is the tale. Do not brush it away. We flatter ourselves more than enough on all the other days in the year; let us on Memorial Day, the day most sacred in our national calendar, the day on which we living ones turn to our dead ones, those dead who gave their lives for a country they loved and believed in, let us on this day think of those captains.

Whose is the fault? Are our heroes sham, or are we disloyal? One of these alternatives we must perforce accept It will not suffice to explain that such a man offended us so and another so; we have flung abuse at them all. Have we no faults ourselves? Did they not win the battles? Jesus said: Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye

As every man is his own worst enemy, so is every nation its own worst enemy. It was no Goth nor Hun, but Rome, that destroyed Rome. Only ourselves can destroy our Republic, and belittling those who excel will help us to do it. It is bad to be a man without a country, but a country without a man is worse, and that is what we seem to want to be, if we are to be judged by our treatment of the captains. But we need not be so judged. Let us make much of Memorial Day, not, indeed, to keep old feuds awake, but because it teaches us to value heroes. Our observance of it makes a hopeful answer to the tale of the captains. It proves our hearts can reverence the dead at least. Let us also learn to respect the living; some of them are better than we are. It is a false democracy that worships only itself. Where there is no vision the people perish.

—Owen Wister.

The Silent Piano

ALFRED MOSELEY, the Englishman who has been conducting a commission on a tour of inspection of our educational system, is saying many interesting and valuable things about us. But when he points to a multitude of unused pianos in our homes, and tells us we should play them more and become music-lovers, it is impossible for the judicious not to pause.

Does it promote love of real music for people to bang and whang upon pianos, picking out in atrocious time atrocious tunes? Does it not rather degenerate the murderer of music and inspire all within hearing with a hatred and horror of music? Are not such performances, in fact, a continuation in the grown person of the childish passion for beating a pan with a stick? Does not the pretense that they are evidences of musical taste merely cover what would otherwise clearly appear as childishness and barbarism?

Every one should study the theory and the methods of music — an understanding of them broadens the mind, multiplies the enjoyments, elevates taste. But only those who can play should play — for their own sakes as well as for the neighbors'. As an ornament, as an evidence of at least installment-plan prosperity, a piano can't be beat. "The piano in the laborer's cottage" justly makes every American heart thrill with pride. But is it not true of many of these altars to the god of music that they are not the less sincere or the less respected because they are silent?

Monuments to the Living

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has been fortunate beyond all other Presidents and candidates for office in the number and discriminating excellence of his biographies. It was inevitable that they should contain a great deal of eulogy in spite of the ingenuous statements of the writers that their purpose was to be temperate and fair; in this they afford the best illustration we have ever had of the difficulty of putting down impartially the history of the person who is to receive a complimentary copy of the book.

There is an unwritten law that no monument shall be erected to the living — and a biography is in its way a monument. But the exigencies of political campaigns and the eagerness of copy-making and publishing give us an increasing output of Lives, and thus we get our heroes and our statesmen without waiting to weigh and worship them in the past tense. It all serves the purpose of the moment; it is a kind of journalism bound in cloth, and there should be no quarrel with its intentions or its influences.

But it hardly measures up to the meaning and dignity of real biography. Nathaniel Hawthorne illumined and immortalized almost everything his pen touched, but literature has only a mention of the campaign life of Franklin Pierce that helped the great author to keep his political position, but contributed nothing to his fame as a writer. The whole question is touched by an incident related by Mr. Rollo Ogden in his recently published sketch of William H. Prescott, the historian. It was proposed that Prescott should write the history of the second Conquest of Mexico — that by General Scott in 1847. General Scott himself offered Prescott all his papers. The temptation was strong. But Prescott declined. "The theme would be taking," he wrote in his journal, "but I had rather not meddle with heroes who have not been underground two centuries at least."

Still, it will not do to commend Prescott's preference as a general rule. It would interfere cruelly with the publishing business, and readers might not understand things a couple of centuries hence as well as they do now.

The Family and the Census

MR. HENRY JAMES boldly takes issue with President Roosevelt on the subject of race suicide. He welcomes the news that the birth rate is declining in all enlightened countries as the best hope for peace, comfort and civilization. Mrs. Lydia Kingsmill Commander, who has been investigating the theory and practice of our society, finds that the ideal American family has two children, a boy and a girl, although many people prefer one child and others none. She finds, furthermore, that the European peasants who form the bulk of our immigration absorb the American small-family idea as soon as they become acclimated on our soil, so that the swarming infantry of regions like the East Side of New York is recruited almost entirely from the newest arrivals.

Without discussing the issue between President Roosevelt and Mr. James, it may safely be said that there is a possibility of going to extremes in either direction. If the many children of the Mormon President Smith represent a greater regard for the census than is really needed, the two children which, according to Mrs. Commander, constitute the ideal American family represent an equal deficiency. If everybody married, if every married couple had two children, and if no child died until he had two children of his own, then families of that size would keep the population exactly stationary. The two parents of one generation would just be replaced by the two children of the next. But as many people do not marry, as many married couples have no children, and as many children die before reaching maturity, the two-child standard would mean a steadily declining population. An average of three children to a family would give a healthy increase, but two would mean a considerable shrinkage, and one child such a rapid reduction as practically to extinguish the population in a very short time.

There have been epochs in the world's history when for centuries the number of inhabitants in civilized lands steadily declined. It was probably at least fifteen hundred years before the richest parts of Europe recovered the population they had in the great days of the Roman Empire. Northern Africa and Western Asia never have regained the level they had reached two thousand years ago. Is it possible that the white man's world is about to enter upon a new period of ebb, and that two centuries from now may see decaying villages upon the sites of Chicago, Boston and Paris?

Esteemed Contemporaries

MR. JOSEPH PULITZER'S gift of millions to Columbia University for the founding and endowment of a College of Journalism has emphasized in a most peculiar way the lack of interest and enthusiasm among newspapers in any great general project that concerns their business. There are honest differences of opinion as to the practicability of Mr. Pulitzer's plan. This was to be expected, and it is to be welcomed; all universally popular movements suffer from neglect. Much wit and some good humor were directed against the proposition to graduate editors. This was all right; those who have had to unteach and drill diploma journalists have earned the privilege of a laugh.

But, after almost a year for careful consideration of a big, serious idea, what do we find? The editors of the country have laid aside the College of Journalism just as they do the Pan-American Nation, the All Rail Route from Alaska to Patagonia, or the Political Union of English-Speaking Races, or any other of the spasmodic superlatives that crop up in the editorial pages during the dull season.

Good men, men in high place and men of large vision, declare the press to be the greatest single power of the times; that its directors wield an influence larger than any other body of thinking and writing beings. Passing strange, then, is its apparent indifference to a higher education which certainly has extraordinary merit.

It is an inexplicable thing that printing — which now ranks fourth in the world's industries, and which will soon be third — has widened and illuminated and lifted the practical idealism of all other interests without making a genuinely disinterested and associated effort to improve its own standing. Its gradual elevation has happened; it has not been wrought.

So, the newspapers, which delight, with persistent sarcasm, in calling one another esteemed contemporaries, miss an opportunity largely because one of their number may get too much fame from his investment in publicity, or because the plan is too general to bother about, or because a generalization isn't worth the space.

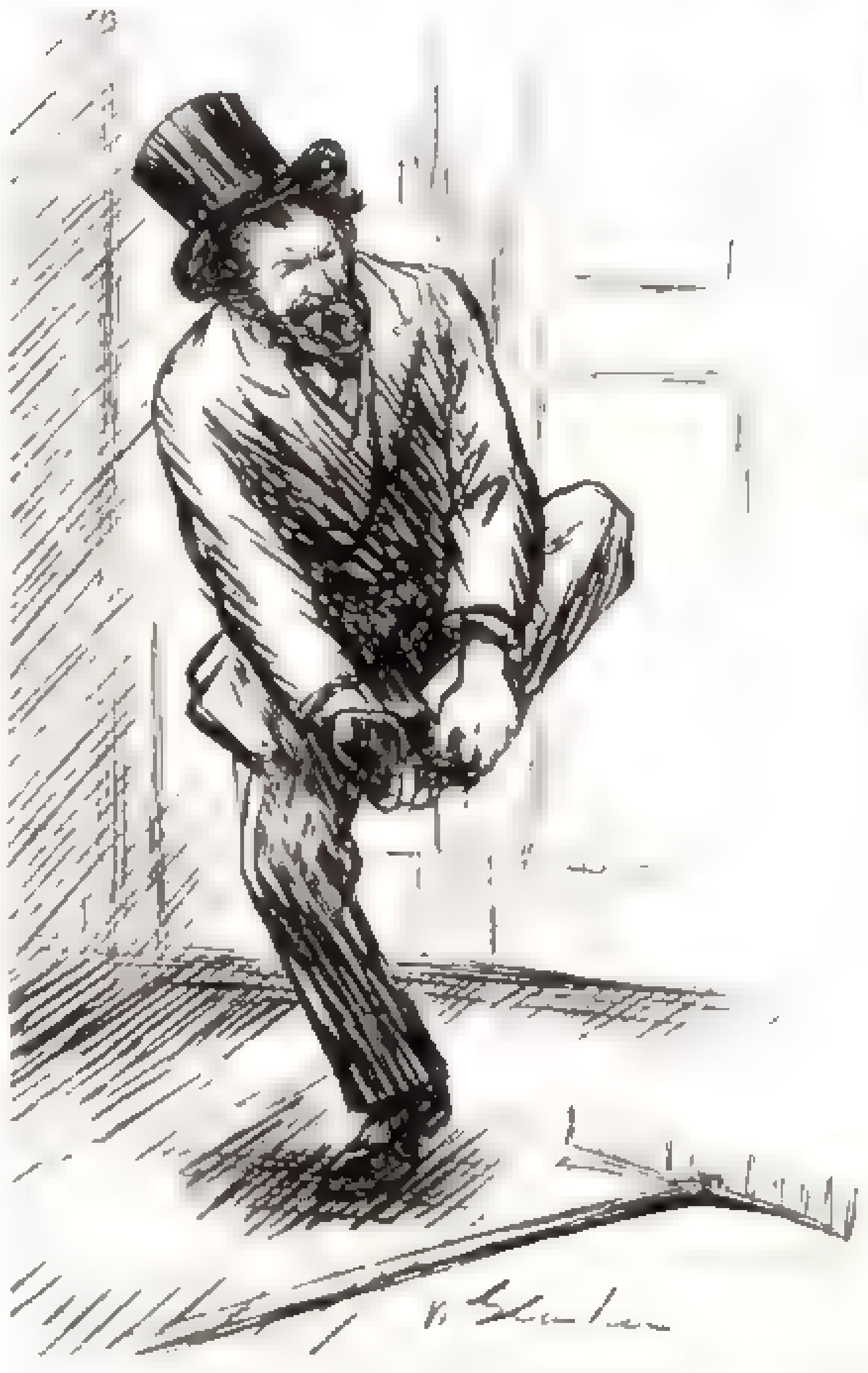
It is all a fine illustration of the fact that in the journalism of the day a big idea is not so good news as a big "story," even though it be for the advancement of journalism itself.

Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

By Henry A. Shute

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

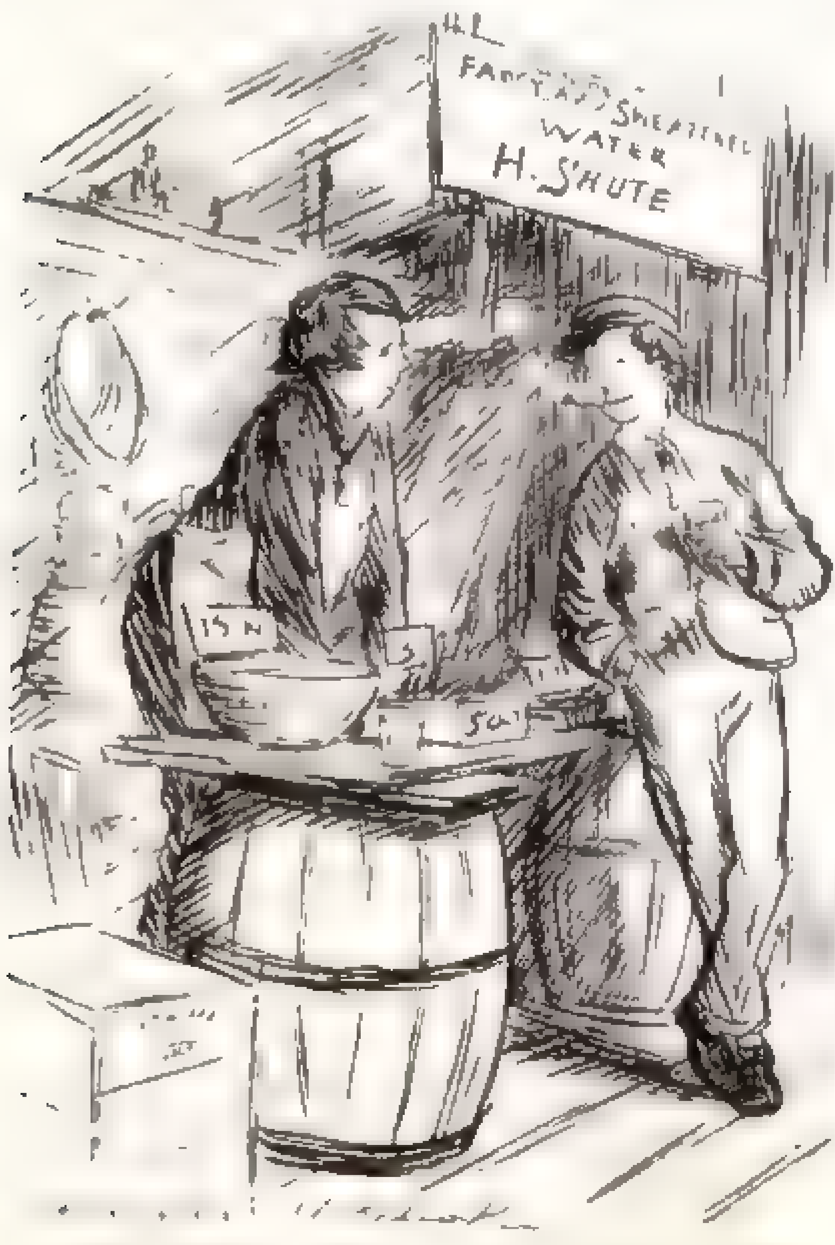
1904 by Henry A. Shute



CAME LIMPING INTO THE HOUSE SWARING AUFUL

Mar. 15, 186— i opened my store today and nailed up my sine fancy goods and sweatened water H. Shute. Potter and Whack and Fatty and Boog and Puzzy and all the fellers come round and i sold lots of stuff i charge 10 nails for a sweet firn cigar, 5 nails for a rattan or grapevine cigar and 3 nails for hayseed cornsilk and mullen leafs. 3 nails for white jacobs ladders and 5 for gilt, 10 nails for flyboxes made of writing book paper, and 15 and 20 nails for gilt and silver and red paper. 15 nails for snappers that will snap good, and 15 nails for a glass of sweatened water. i had a big trade and i cood see Beany out in front of his house looking over. bimeby he came over and i said hullo Beany come and have a drink and a cigar. so Beany he took a glass and drunk it and lit a cigar, a sweet firn one and said how is trade, and i said they is quite a little stiring, and he said have you got mutch stock and i said most sold out but they is plenty more where that come from and Beany he said dont you want to by my stuff and i said no i gess not bimeby Beany he said less make up Plupy and i said i aint mad and Beany he said well let the old sine rip and so he went over and got his stuff and pinned it up and we had a good trade all the afternoon. tonite we made cigars and flyboxes and snappers. Beany is a prety good feller to have a store with only he smokes and drinks two mutch.

March 16, 186— Brite and fair. i saw a blewbird today Beany come over erly and we had a good trade. Beany smoked so many sweet firn cigars and drank so mutch sweatened water that i told him he coodent be my pardner unless he smoked cheeper cigars and only drank 4 glasses a day. 2 in the morning and 2 in the evening. that is enuf for enny man



AND HE SAID HAVE YOU GOT MUTCH STOCK

Mar. 17, 186— Rany today. not mutch trade. Pewt and Nipper has got a store in Pewts shed. Tomtit says he has got beter things then we have and he got all the fellers to go up there. Tomtit was mad becaus we woodent take sheetiron for pay. you cant get enything for sheet iron down to old Getchels and if we took it for pay enny feller cood go out and pick up a old stovepipe and buy out your store

Mar. 18, 186— brite and fair. no i mean it is clowdy Beany is acting prety queer. he has been talking with Pewt, and last nite he promised to come over and make cigars and he dident come and Nipper said Beany was over to Pewts. today he was prety sassy and said he wood drink all the sweatened water he wanted he was away all the afternoon

Mar. 19, 186— Beany dident make up enny faces behind the organ today. after church i holered at him and he woodent look round. i bet he is going to keep store with Pewt. i dont care

Mar. 20, 186— Beany came over this morning and said he was going to be pardner with Pewt and he wanted his stuff and his half of the iron and nails. I told him he was a mean cuss and he said he woodent be pardner with a feller whitch woodent let him drink and smoke out of the store he said Pewt wasent so mean as all that so we divided the stuff and Beany wanted half of what nails and iron i had taken before we were pardners. he dident get it you bet, and he dident get enny sweatened water neether.

Mar. 21, brite and fair. Medo Thirsten came up today and wanted to buy my stuff and i sold it all to him. i am glad to get out of the store so i can go of with Potter and Chick Chickering we went up to the Eddy today. we saw some blackbirds and some robins and 3 blewbirds, and got 2 last years nests. it is almost time for flying squerels we saw a redder today

Mar. 22, 186— i saw Beany today and he run out his tung at me. all rite for you Beany

Mar. 23, 186— it raned and was auful windy today. i sold my iron and bones today to old Getchel for 42 cents. i took out 12 cents to treet the fellers and put 30 cents with my cornet money.

Mar. 24, 186— it was warm today and fine. I saw some wild geese flying over today. it made me feel funny to hear them holler. me and Potter and Chick went out in the woods today with our bows and arrows and bilt a fire and fride some potatose

Mar. 25, 186— this is the last day of vacation. Beany and Pewt have had a auful row, Beany says Pewt sold all the iron and nails and kept most of the money. Pewt says Beany drank up more then the moneys wirth of sweatened water and smoked all the best cigars i am glad of it. i gess the next time Beany will know more.

Mar. 26, 186— sunday. nothing to do but go to church and think of going to school tomorow. i wonder if i shall get a licking this term.

Mar. 27, 186— i went to school today. they isent much fun now. it is two muddy to play ennything. so the fellers all have clappers and we clap all the time. Skinny Bruce is the best one. he has some bone clappers that jest ring Fatty Gilman has got some made of black walnut.

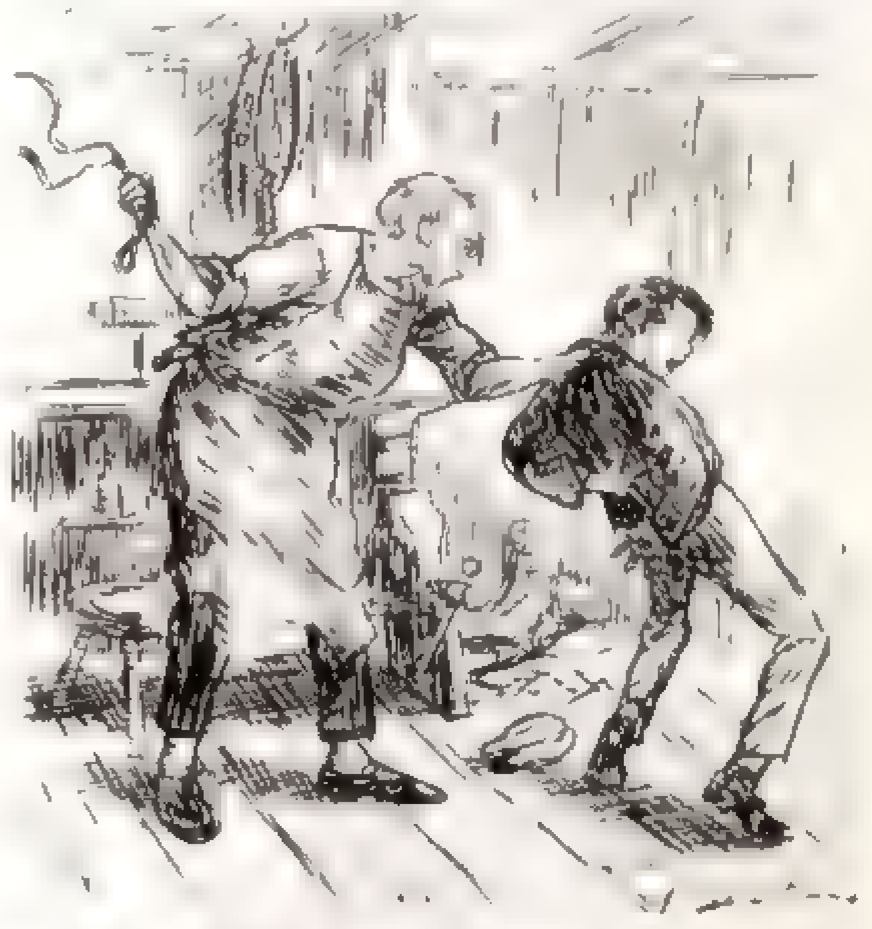
Mar. 28, 186— we plaid ball a little today it is geting prety dry in the school yard now

Mar. 29, 186— It snowed a little today and then melted they wasent enuf for snow balling my hens has begun to lay

Mar. 30, 186— the top of my roosters comb whitch was froze last winter when i was sick has come of and his comb is all smooth and shiny and hasent got enny picks on it

Mar. 31, 186— brite and fair tomorrow is april fool day. i am going to get one on Beany

April 1, 186— today i had a good one to get on Beany i rung the doorbell of our house and mother came to the door and i stood there laffin and she laffed and said I am glad to see you sir because i want you to fill the woodbox and get me 5 pails of water. gosh i dident think it was so funny. at school old Francis woodent let us play april fools on each other but in the afternoon i went over to get Beany to come with me to get a 4 foot yardstick down to Lyfords. i was going to get Beany to ask for it and then they wood lam him, becaus they isent enny 4 foot yardstick i jest laffed to think of Beany getting licked. well when i asked Beany he said he wood go only his father wanted him to go down to old Kellogs harness shop to get a pint of strap oil to oil some harnes, and if i wood go with him ferst he would go with me. so i said yes and we went. jest before we got there Beany said you go in and ask for it, and i will wait becaus old Kellog dont like me very well. so i went in and old Kellog was sitting straddle of a seet with big wooden nippers on it, and he was sowing on a harness and he said cross like what do you want and i said i want a pint of strap oil and he said o yes i have got some good strap oil and he got down and grabed me by the coller and took down a strap and licked me till i hollered. then he let me go and when i went out rubing my legs Beany was jest laffing fit to die and he said you thought you was prety smart old Plupy to get me to go down for a 4 foot yard stick dident you. and then he run his tung out and run of down town. i will pay Beany for that.



AND HE SAID O YES I HAVE GOT SOME GOOD STRAP OIL

April 2, 186— brite and fair. i went to church.

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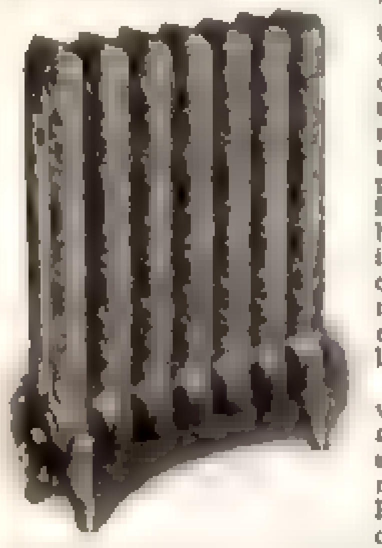

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APRIL 3, 186— Father is going to have a garden and i have got to dig it up. Father says he is going to help me but i know how it will be. he will dig about ten minits and then he will go over to see Beanys father. i dont see why it is that jest as soon as it is time for fishing father wants to make me wirk. Pewt cought 3 pirch today.

APRIL 4, 186— Brite and fair. last nite we went diging up the garden. father began to dig and dug about a minit and then he stoped and went in the house to change his shues, and then he come out and took of his coat and then he dug another minit and then he went to the fence and talked with Sam Dire and then he took of his vest and took up his spade and then he said i was doing splendid and he wanted to see Wats a minit and he went over to see Beanys father jest as i said he wood and dident come back. well i dug until mother called me in to go to bed and I got about a pan full of wirms. tonite me and father are going to dig some more. my back is lame.

APRIL 5, 186— Brite and fair. last nite father told me to cut the eyes out of a lot of potatose to plant. so this noon and after school me and Keene and Cele cut out the eyes of the potatose. we raced to see which wood beet, i had a sharp spoon handel, Keene a darning needle, and Cele a pennife. we had 3 cups to put the eyes in and when we got the eyes all dug out we counted the eyes. Cele had 176, Keene 158 and i had 143. jest as we got done father came home, so we showed him the eyes and i wish you cood see him. i woodent dare to wright what he said. if i talked like he did he wood have sent me to bed for a year. i gess he wood have licked us all but mother laffed and laffed and said we didnt know enuf about farming. so we only got sent to bed.

APRIL 6, 186— brite and fair. I hoped it wood rane today so we coodent dig. but it dident. if they had been a circus it wood have raned like time. last nite we dug some more. father started all rite but jest then he said he had got to go down town with mother so i dug until Beany and Pewt came over and then we begun to plug peaces of dirt at Charly Dire and after a while somebody broke a window in Sam Dires house. Pewt said it was me and Beany said it was Pewt. father came home and sent me to bed. he give Sam Dire 25 cents for the window. ennyway Pewt broke it.

APRIL 7, 186— brite and fair.

APRIL 8, 186— it raned today. i am glad of it.

APRIL 9, 186— it raned today. i am glad of it. i went to church.

APRIL 10, 186— tonite me and Beany and Whack finished diging all the rest of the garden. when father came home he went out and steped on a rake that was lying down with the sharp points up and ran it into his foot and he came limping into the house swaring auful, but he wasent much hurt and isent going to have enny garden. ennyway he left the rake there himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

The Shave-Store

By Edmund Vance Cooke

Yesterday papa said: "Will it behave,
If I should take it, while I get a shave?"
'N I says "YES!" as loud as I could talk,
So me en he we went out for a walk
Clear to the Shave-Store. En then I sat there
En papa clumb up in the dentist chair
En had a bib on. En the shave-man took
En painted papa, till he made him look
Like frostin' on a angel-cake. *Mm!* he looked once!
'N I thought the man was goan to cut a slice!
He took a knife en wiped en wiped it, but
He didn't hurt my papa. He jus' cut
The frostin' off his face, en took another
Knife en wiped *it* on the piece of luther,
En painted papa more, 'n' cut 'n' cut
En mussed his hair, 'n' slapped his face, 'n' shut
The ol' knife up, 'n' washed his face, he did,
Like pa washes me, sometimes, 'n' calls me "Kid."
En he put baby-powder on him, too,
En smelled him up. En when he was all through,
The shave-store man says, "'Bye, young lady; when
You want *another* shave jus' call again."

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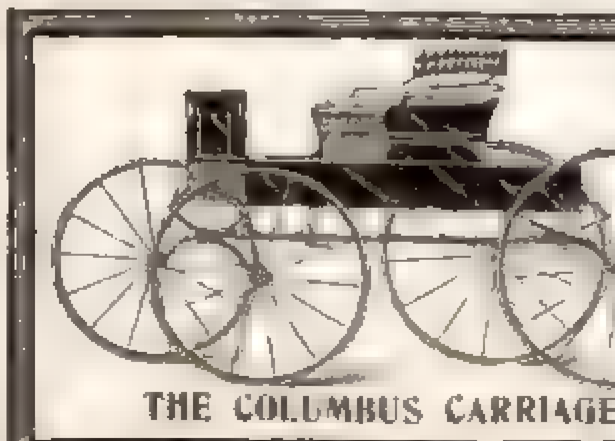

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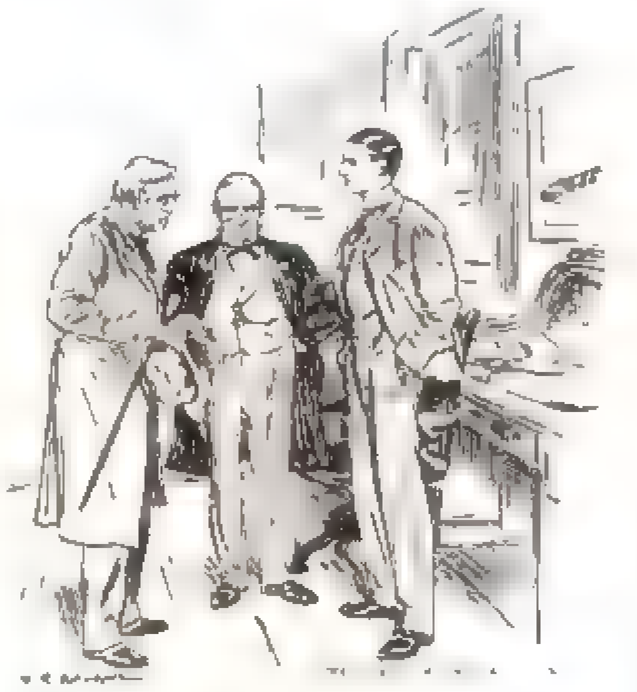
The Buccaneers

A Story of the Black Flag in Business

By Henry M. Hyde



THE TWO OLDER MEN WERE . . . BITTER

PART III

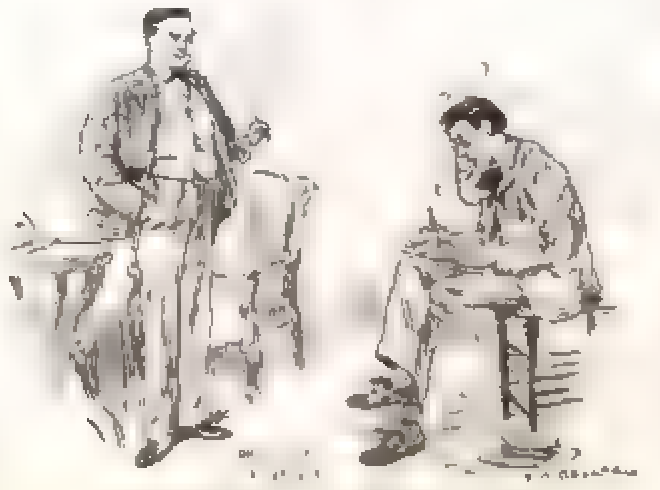
HAWKINS, who wrote shorthand and could operate a typewriter, was installed as an assistant in the office of President Clark, of the International Corporation at Pierson City. Because of his long experience in the wireless motor line he was shortly given practical executive charge of that branch of the business. Every evening, after he left his work, he made out and mailed to a secret address, arranged between him and Tabb, a summary of the important matters that he had observed that day.

Thus he reported a bitter row between Clark and the two old directors, who, on their return from Metropolis, had demanded that the International Corporation keep out of the wireless business. They also had accused Clark of playing false with them in going ahead to push the wireless automatic while leaving them to understand that the whole question was undecided. They had appealed to Mrs. Edmonds to support them in their demand, but, so Hawkins reported, she had declared that she had every confidence in Mr. Clark and should stick by him.

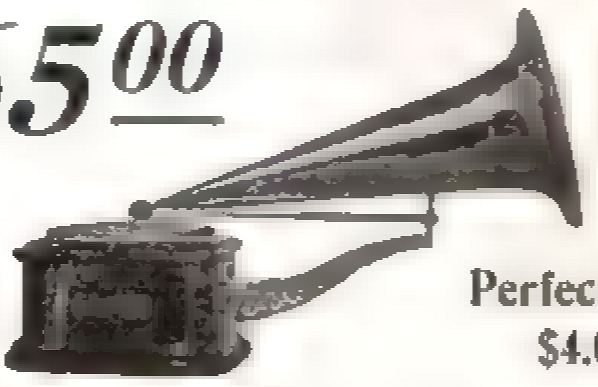
Meanwhile, suits for injunction and damages for infringement of patents were filed on both sides. Tabb took care to scatter his suits all over the country, filing one in New York, another in Denver, a third in Pittsburg, and so on; and in each case the filing of the suits was widely advertised in the shape of what appeared to be news telegrams.

Tabb also started suits against several manufacturers who had bought and were using the International automatic motors, and he sent papers containing notices of such suits to all the competitors of the persons sued.

Acting under instructions from Thomas Tabb, conveyed to him through the medium of Fritz Schmidt, Hawkins copied from the records of the International Corporation a complete list of all the suits pending against it in every part of the country. Among them was an old and half-forgotten suit begun years before in the Federal Court in a far Western State by Frank Wagner, a poor and obscure inventor, who claimed, by priority of invention, the patents on which the International Corporation based its control of the manufacture of motors of the ordinary type. Lacking means to employ lawyers and pay for the services of experts, Wagner practically allowed the case to go by default. Some evidence had, indeed, been taken, but the case had never been pushed to trial and had been for several years in a comatose condition. Tabb put Attorney Rixton on the



INTERVIEWED AT A DOLLAR A LINE



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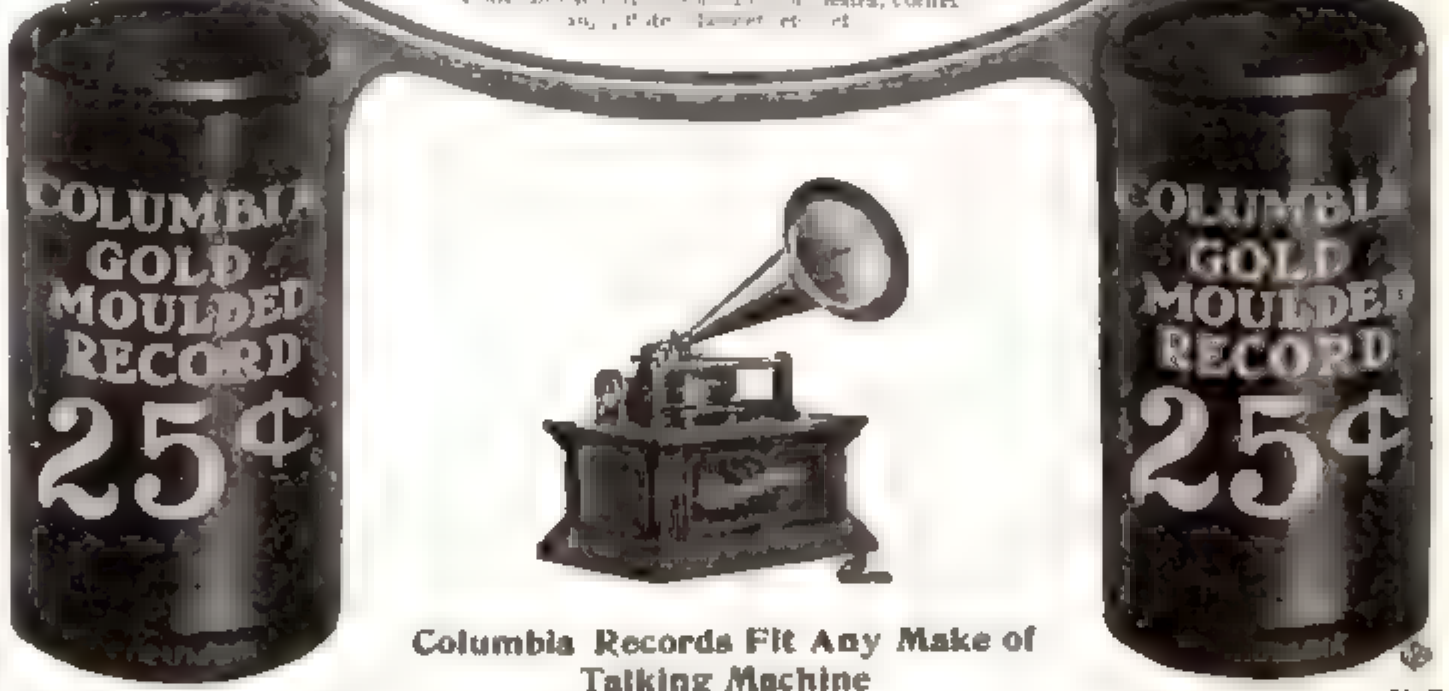

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[illegible] Street
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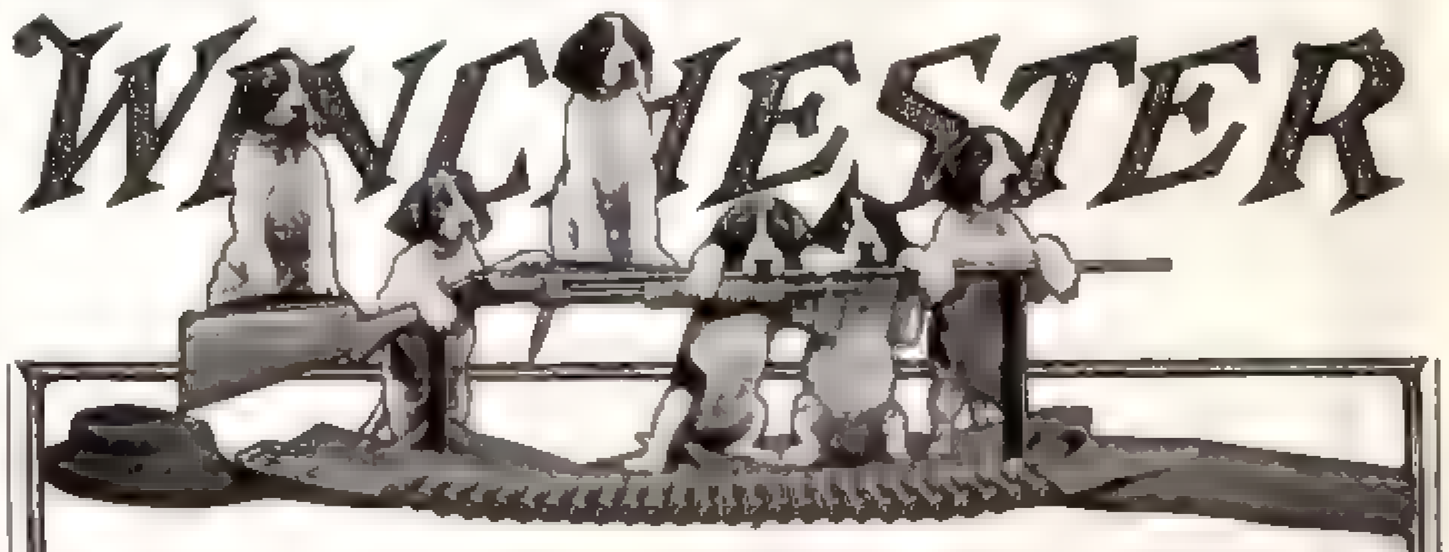
BERLIN, 71 Ritterstrasse. PARIS, [illegible]. ST. PETERSBURG, [illegible] Nevski Prospect.
VIENNA, [illegible]



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THE UNIVERSITY PREPARATORY SCHOOL
HIGHEST GRADE BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
Ithaca, N. Y.—Prepares for Cornell and All High Class Colleges. Certificates Accepted Since 1895.
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trail of Wagner, the inventor, and Rixton presently reported that he had succeeded in buying for $1000 in cash all of Wagner's claims in the International patents.

Meanwhile, Morgan and his knockers-out jumped from place to place, accompanied by their bullets and horsehairs, Livingstone kept on distributing pills of gloom in sugar coatings, and the regular selling force of the Wireless Motor Company was spending most of its time in attempting to block the efforts of the International's salesmen. The stream of money which ordinarily flowed into the coffers of the Wireless Company was badly blocked. It had more than doubled its usual expenses and at the same time cut down its usual income by at least half. Of course, the International was under a similar strain, but it was in better shape to stand it.

Finally came the meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs at Metropolis. Mrs. Edmonds, who had accepted the invitation of Mrs. Mary J. Tabb to be her guest, started for the meeting without connecting in any way the name of her hostess with that of the Wireless Motor Company. Mrs. Tabb met her at the station and drove her to the house. That evening, in the course of a casual conversation, Thomas Tabb allowed her to discover for herself that he was the president of the company that the International was fighting. When she spoke of it as something she had not suspected, he, too, affected surprise, and said,, in response to her half-playful request for advice, that in his opinion women ought to keep their money invested in United States bonds.

One event on the program of the Industrial Section of the Federation was a visit to several of the large factories of Metropolis. Mrs. Edmonds asked Mr. Tabb at breakfast that day if he would not consent to act as her guide through his factory, and he, after some laughing allusions to the danger of showing a deadly rival all his business secrets, agreed to the proposal. And that morning, with a skill and diplomacy that delighted him, he succeeded in utterly destroying the influence which President Clark, of the International, held over her and her investments in his company. He did it without seeming to attempt to do so, but so thoroughly that after an hour spent with him in that gruesome graveyard, looking at all that was left of the wrecks of fortunes greater than hers, she could hardly wait until the meeting was over to get back to Pierson City and rescue her estate from what she was sure was certain destruction.

The day after she returned home Hawkins had a sensation to report. "Mrs. Edmonds has changed her position completely. She now sides with the people who are fighting Clark, and they are only waiting for a stockholders' meeting to oust him."

Thomas Tabb allowed himself one of his grim smiles. He counted the victory now within sight. But to make the thing sure he instantly ordered papers prepared for a suit for $500,000 damages against the directors and stockholders of the International Corporation, charging conspiracy to ruin the business of the Wireless Motor Company, and instancing the bribing of the clerk, Johnson, to reveal its secrets to the International Corporation. He sent Livingstone to Pierson City to file the papers. That worthy took them over to the courthouse, filed them in the clerk's office, and then had himself interviewed at a dollar a line in the leading afternoon paper of Pierson City. That interview was as smooth and crafty as the man himself. As a matter of fact, it was directed straight at Mrs. Edmonds.

"There is a principle of business honor involved in this suit," concluded Livingstone impressively, "and the Wireless Motor Company will not stoop to compromise in such a matter."

But Thomas Tabb, for once, had counted without his host. Clark, with his back against the wall, was fighting desperately to retain the control of the International Corporation. In less than a week he had almost consummated a deal which set Hawkins frantic when he heard of it.

"Clark has almost completed arrangements with a couple of banks here," he wrote, "to buy for him all of Mrs. Edmonds' stock holdings. The banks are to advance the money, holding not only the Edmonds stock but also that now owned by Clark as security."

When Thomas Tabb got that report from his spy he dropped his gray eyebrows far down over his eyes. Then, without a word even to his confidential men he went home, packed a suit case and took the evening train for Pierson City. He realized that if Clark should once get full and undisputed control

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"The Original Old Hickory Furniture Manufacturers"

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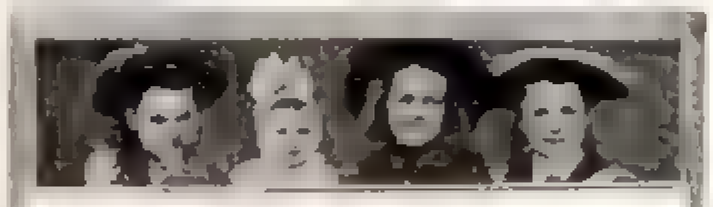

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INTENSELY ENTERTAINING — NOT BOISTEROUS
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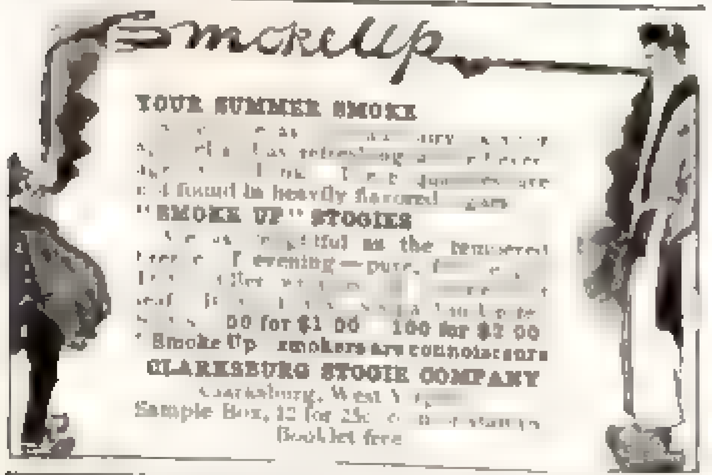

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of the International Corporation it would go hard with the Wireless Company. The final decision was plainly a matter of days now — perhaps of hours — and Tabb wanted to be on the spot if any quick action was needed. That was the advantage of a one-man company, he reflected — there was no board of directors to be cajoled and persuaded before one was allowed to strike. Before the train started he took the risk of sending a telegram to Hawkins at his house address.

"Meet me to-morrow night at Sandell Hotel in Pierson City," he wired.

Arriving at Pierson City in the gray of the evening he drove at once to the hotel, and went straight up to his room to wait the coming of Hawkins. The night grew old and there was no word from him. Finally, at ten o'clock, he slipped into the room.

"There's the devil to pay, Mr. Tabb," he said. "I don't know what's to become of me. I may be arrested before morning."

The young man broke down and sobbed.

"Don't be a fool, Hawkins," said Thomas Tabb. "What's up?"

"Why, Clark knows I'm crooked. He caught me day before yesterday eavesdropping. He was talking in his room with one of the Mathis brothers — they're the bankers who are going to finance his deal. He opened the door suddenly and ran straight into me. He didn't say a word to me then or since. But I've been watched every minute since that time."

"You got my telegram all right?"

"What did you send that for? That only made things worse. They didn't find me this morning and when the boy came up to my room with it this evening I recognized him as a kid who used to work out at the International factory.

"'What's de matter wid you, Mr. Hawkins?' he said. 'When I started to come in here wid dis message dey was a man stepped out from behind a tree and says, "Who is dat telegram fer, young feller?" I told him it was for you and he offers me a half for a peep at it. But I'm too wise for dat, and so he give me de half not to say nothing about it, see?'

"I left the gas burning in my room and slipped out the back way as soon as I had read your message. I expect they've followed me to the hotel."

"You're just rattled, Hawkins," said Tabb. "Let's get down to business now. What did you hear before Clark came out and ran into you?"

"Mathis was talking about backing out of the deal, because he thought you people would keep the International from making any money out of the wireless motor business.

"'Suppose they do for a while,' Clark answered. 'They're losing money faster than we are. Besides, the wireless motor business is only one little end of our business. We're making big money every day on the sale of ordinary motors. We've got an absolute monopoly on their manufacture and sale. We get $400 for every one we put out, and there is nobody to bid against us that amounts to anything. There's a margin of $200 on every machine. Don't you see how it works? The Wireless people are losing money on their whole business. We are making just as much money as ever on nine-tenths of our business and can afford to lose a little, for a while, if need be, on one-tenth of it. Then, when the Wireless Company gives up we can build up the wireless business into a gold mine. It's a cinch.'"

"I see," said Thomas Tabb slowly.

A low knock sounded on the door of the room. Under the door appeared a closely folded slip of white paper, pushed through between door and sill. Thomas Tabb walked over and picked it up.

"The grand jury returned indictments for criminal conspiracy against Thomas Tabb and Thomas Hawkins this afternoon," he read. "Officers have started out to serve the warrants. — FRITZ SCHMIDT."

Thomas Tabb folded the slip of paper and burned it in the gas flame without a word to Hawkins.

"What time does the next train leave for Metropolis?" Tabb asked finally.

"At one o'clock," answered Hawkins.

"It's now just eleven o'clock," said Tabb, taking out his watch. "We'll leave on that train." He stepped to the annunciator and rang for writing materials. For half an hour he sat busily writing at the little marble-top table, Hawkins sitting by speechless. Finally Tabb looked up.

"How do you think this reads?" he asked. "'Electric Motors at Half the Present Rates.' That'll be the top display line. 'We have purchased all the rights and patents of Frank Wagner, the real inventor

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When I looked out from my little workroom forty years ago the United States was vastly different from what I see to-day. There were few enormous cities, no sky-scrapers, the railroad was in its infancy. Watch Trusts were unknown. I doubt if watch combinations would have been tolerated in those days. My watch factory was small and unpretentious — we could only turn out a few watch cases a week. But the same principle on which my business was based then is still in force at the great watch works at Canton to-day. That principle was honesty. The great success of the

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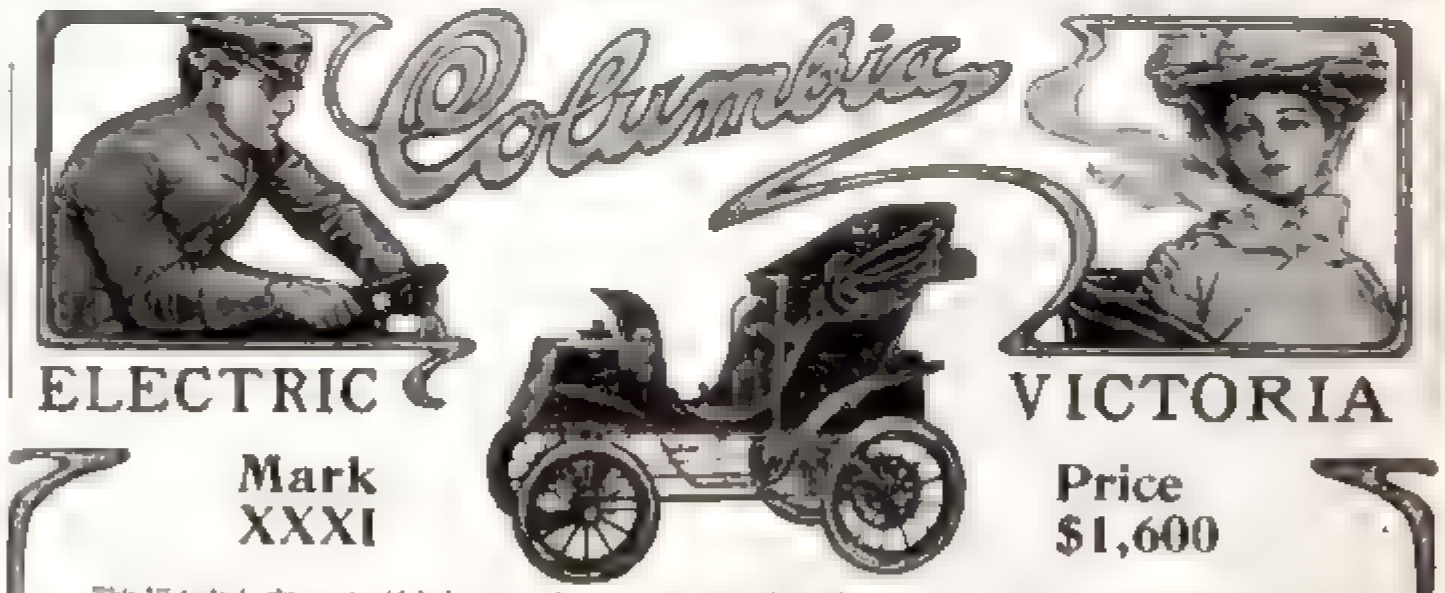
Do you know that the only place where a complete watch is made is at Canton? Write for booklet, "Light from the Watchman." Address The Dueber-Hampden Watch Works, Dept. C, Canton, Ohio



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30-35 H. P. Gasolene Touring Car, ... $4,000
Most powerful and efficient car of its weight. [illegible] or Surrey Body to order
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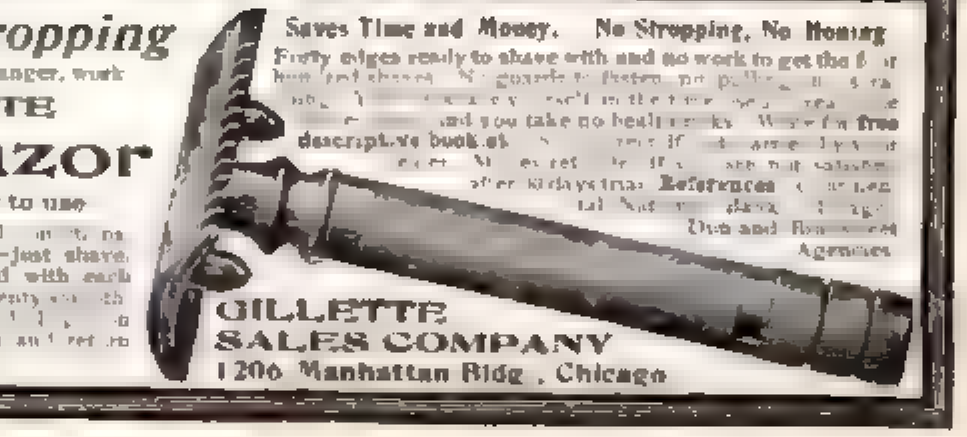

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Is where you save time, bother, danger, work

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Guaranteed to shave all faces under all conditions. Nothing to adjust, nothing to learn — just shave. Twenty double-edged blades furnished with each razor, each one giving an average of twenty satisfactory shaves. When one gets dull [illegible] another. When all are dull we sharpen and return them all ready to use for fifty cents.

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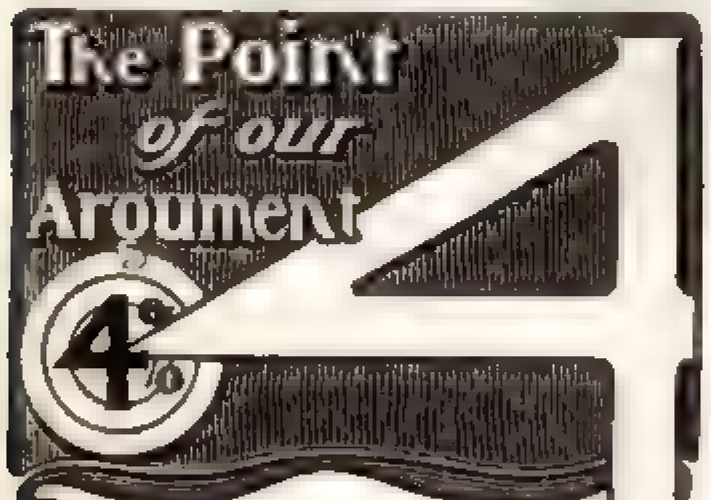
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of electric motors of the ordinary type, and have turned our whole factory to their manufacture. Until further notice we will take orders for such motors at $200 each, complete and set up. Better Motors than those made by the Trust!' That'll be another display line. 'Our motors of the ordinary type will have all the improvements which have made our wireless motors so popular and successful. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed. Don't Foster a Monopoly!' There's a third display line. 'Buy of us at half the prices charged by the robber trust, which has kept Wagner, the original inventor, out of his rights for years, and against which we shall prosecute a suit for damages in the sum of a million dollars.

We have advertised this offer all over the country and are prepared to accept any number of orders under the above conditions.

''The Wireless Motor Company,
'''Metropolis
By
'''THOMAS TABB, President

Hawkins only gasped in astonishment.

"Come," said Tabb. "I want you to go with me. We'll go down the back way."

Thomas Tabb called a bell-boy and settled his hotel bill. Then he and the trembling Hawkins were taken down to the ground floor on the freight elevator. Slipping out of a rear door, they climbed into a cab.

"To the office of the Morning Herald," Tabb ordered. In the business office of the newspaper Thomas Tabb asked the rate for a full-page advertisement.

"One hundred and ninety dollars," said the man in charge.

"Will you put me on the outside page?" asked Tabb.

The man promised, and Tabb handed over the copy he had prepared.

"Look that over and see if it's all right," he said. "I want it to appear in the morning without fail."

The copy was approved, Tabb counted out $190 in cash, and he and poor Hawkins got into the cab again and were driven to the railroad station, where the train for Metropolis was already waiting. As they left the cab Fritz Schmidt stepped up to Tabb.

"Carry your grip, sir?" said Schmidt, and as Thomas Tabb handed him his suit-case he fell in behind and close to his employer.

"The cops are still watching Hawkins' house," he said. "They know you are in town, but haven't located you yet."

"To-morrow morning, Fritz," said Tabb, "there will be a full page advertisement in the Herald. Wire me if it appears and let me know anything you can find out about it. And get these telegrams off right away. Got any money?"

"Plenty," answered Fritz Schmidt.

The telegrams were all alike. They were addressed to the agents of the Wireless Company in four towns which the train would reach after daylight in the morning.

To each of these agents, as they came into his sleeper along the road, Thomas Tabb gave a copy of the advertisement he had prepared in Pierson City, with instructions to have it printed that afternoon in the local paper, occupying a full page of space.

President Clark, of the International, picked up the Herald that morning, and one of the first things which caught his eye was the full-page advertisement cutting the price of electric motors of the ordinary type down to $200, announcing the purchase of the rights of Frank Wagner, and signed by Thomas Tabb as president of the Wireless Company.

"It's the last move of a desperate and beaten man," he thought, and was comforted.

The telephone bell rang in the hall.

"A lady to speak to Mr. Clark," said the servant. It was Mrs. Edmonds. She had seen the advertisement and was frantic.

"I must have the money for my stock to-day," she said. "I will not wait any longer. I shall call a meeting of the stockholders for to-morrow unless I am paid to-day," she said.

Clark tried to quiet her fears and promised to call on her during the day. He had hardly got back to his office when there was another call for him on the telephone.

"This is Mathis," said the voice at the other end of the wire, and Clark recognized that he was talking to the banker who had practically agreed to advance the money for the purchase of the Edmonds stock.

"I just wanted to tell you," said Mathis, "that we have decided not to go into that deal for the purchase of Mrs. Edmonds' stock. I suppose you saw the Herald this morning? That doesn't leave much profit on the ordinary motors, does it?"

"It's only a bluff," Clark assured the banker. "He had to do something to

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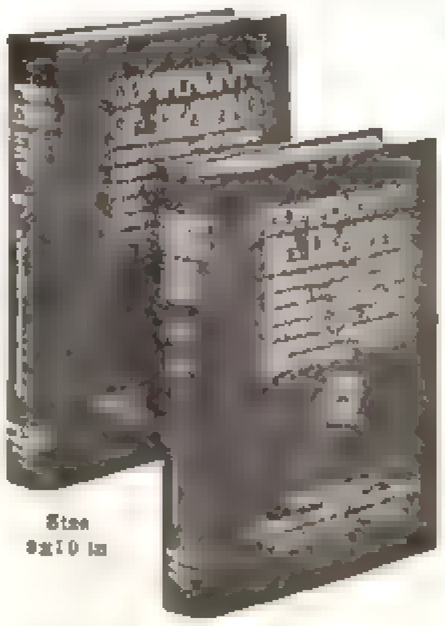

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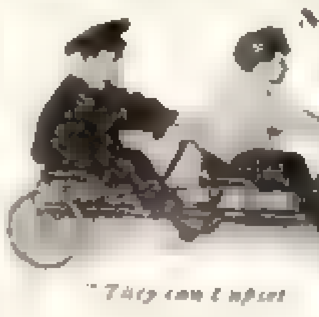

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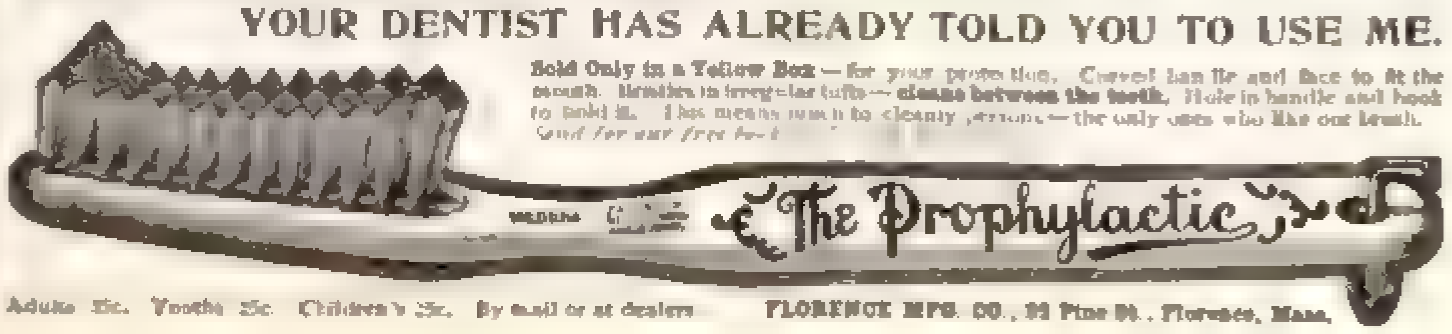

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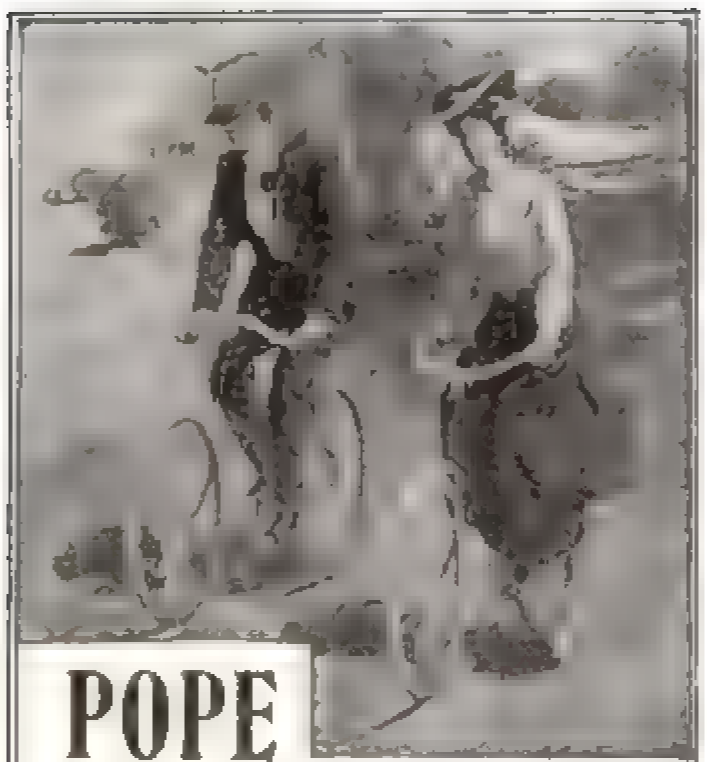

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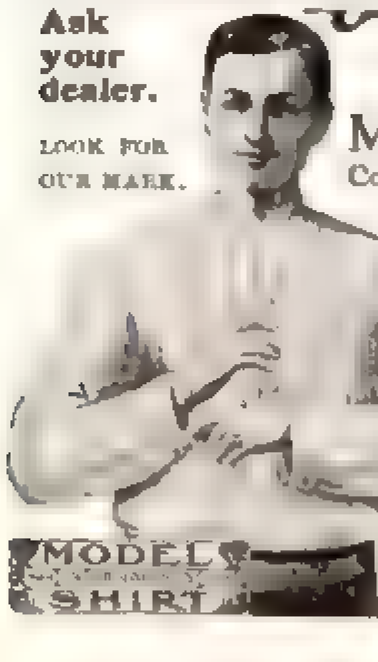

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counteract the effect of the indictment yesterday. I'll stop and see you on the way to the office."

Clark found the banker obdurate. That left the president of the International without much hope. At his office he found several of the directors waiting for him. The two older men, who had opposed his radical course, were bitter, and pressed for an immediate settlement with the Wireless people at the best terms obtainable. By three o'clock telegrams began to come in from the agents of the International in the towns where Thomas Tabb had had his advertisement printed:

"Wireless Company is offering motors of the ordinary type at half price—$200. Full page advertisements in the newspapers. Shall we meet the rate?"

All day Clark was buffeted by constant complaints and entreaties from frightened stockholders. Toward evening Mrs. Edmonds, backed by the older directors, took action looking toward the forcing of a special stockholders' meeting. Even the people who had hitherto stood by Clark began to weaken.

That night Clark slipped away from his house and followed Thomas Tabb back to Metropolis.

"There's one little matter that needs looking after first before we talk business," said Thomas Tabb the next morning when the president of the International had been ushered into his office. "That indictment against Hawkins and myself must be quashed before I'll sign any agreement."

Clark was sure he could arrange that with the State's attorney. With that as a primary condition, it did not take long to come to a settlement.

The Wireless Company, on its part, agreed to turn over to the International all its patents on motors of the ordinary type, including the Wagner claims, and not to make or sell any such motors for a period of twenty years.

The International Corporation agreed to assign to the Wireless Company all its wireless and automatic patents, and all its tools for their manufacture, completed or under way. It also agreed not to make or sell such motors for a period of twenty years, and to pay to the Wireless Company the sum of $25,000 in full for all damages sustained.

"And now," said Thomas Tabb, when the papers were all drawn up, "I'll sign this agreement just as soon as you wire me that those indictments have been quashed. I certainly sha'n't agree to anything until that stain on my reputation has been removed."

It had been a hot August day, and as Clark took his seat in the sleeper that evening for the return trip to Pierson City his head ached and his nerves were on the jump. He had, indeed, saved the day, but only at a considerable loss of money and a more considerable loss of personal prestige. He felt, however, that with the Wireless Company out of the way he should probably be able to retain control of the International. That was a certain satisfaction. After all, it was something for a man of thirty-five, who had left the farm only twenty years before, to have achieved so early in life the presidency of a corporation with a capital of ten millions of dollars. He straightened his slender figure and twisted one end of his light brown mustache. Thomas Tabb had got the better of him! Yes, but Tabb was a commercial pirate—a business buccaneer, a man to whom nothing counted but the result. And he? Well, one must fight the devil with fire. Treachery, dishonor, bribery—they were ugly words. Clark shook his head, shocked at the results of his own self-examination.

The train stopped at a little red-brown water tank station. Clark looked idly out of the window. Before him, in the early twilight, lay a wide hayfield. In the foreground, close to the track, three men were piling up the fragrant load on a huge rack. Before it the old white horses lolled listlessly, their legs wide apart, their heavy heads drooping.

As the train started again there came the sound of a distant farm bell from behind the rounded shoulder of a hill. It was the signal for supper. One of the haymakers climbed to the front of the load and gathered the reins. The other two clambered up on the rear wheels and, pitching forward, threw themselves luxuriously on their backs into the soft and yielding hay. They lay there, looking up at the stars, as the hayrack creaked away over the clipped fields. Clark watched them out of sight.

"Lord! Lord!" he softly said to himself, "wouldn't it feel good to be nice and tired and dirty and honest again!"

(THE END)

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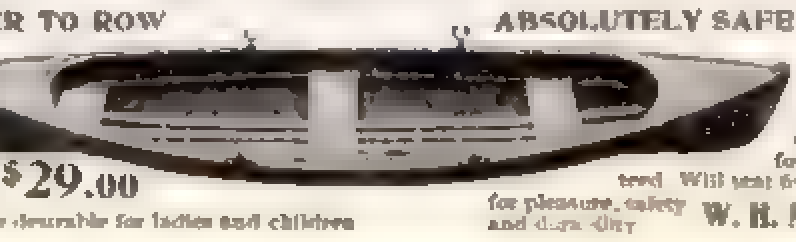

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[illegible] of my Rocky Mountain Home, Song, " .50

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

INSECTS THAT KILL TREES—They cause an annual loss of nearly $20,000,000 in the forests of the country.

EFFORTS are being made to discover some means whereby an effective fight may be made against the insects which attack trees. About a dozen different species of beetles, all of them very tiny, cause an annual loss of from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000, by the damage they do in the forests of this country east of the Rocky Mountains. Some of them kill the trees outright, while others injure the wood that furnishes commercial products.

The beetles burrow in the bark for the purpose of excavating galleries in which to deposit their eggs. Then, when the grubs are hatched, the latter bore numerous tunnels on their own account, injuring the wood and sometimes girdling the tree. One small bug is accountable for the wholesale dying of hickories which has recently attracted attention in the northern tier of States, from Wisconsin to Vermont. From its operations has resulted great loss in timber and in nuts, the latter a valuable crop.

The new Year Book of the Department of Agriculture will contain an extensive article on this subject by A. D. Hopkins, who says that one of the most destructive of such insects is the oak timber-worm, which breeds in old dead trees and stumps. Meanwhile, it is always ready to attack live trees when a slight wound in the bark affords an opening. The biggest and sturdiest oaks in the forest are often so injured by it that, after being cut down, they are left behind by the lumbermen.

Oaks are frequently found in the woods dying or dead, with no outward evidence of injury. They have been killed by another kind of beetle, less than a tenth of an inch long, which attacks its prey in armies, destroying a great tree in a few weeks. In like manner birches are assailed by the "birch-bark beetle," which, finding a tree injured by lightning or some other accidental cause, enters it and breeds in it in such numbers as soon to be able to attack living trees and kill them.

Injuries to living trees of the kind known as "pinholes" and "wormholes" cause enormous loss of hardwood timber. Such work, done by insects, is hidden, and does not attract attention until the trees are cut. In this class is the oak timber-worm, already mentioned, hundreds of generations of which may breed in a tree, making its heartwood worthless, though there is no outward sign of damage.

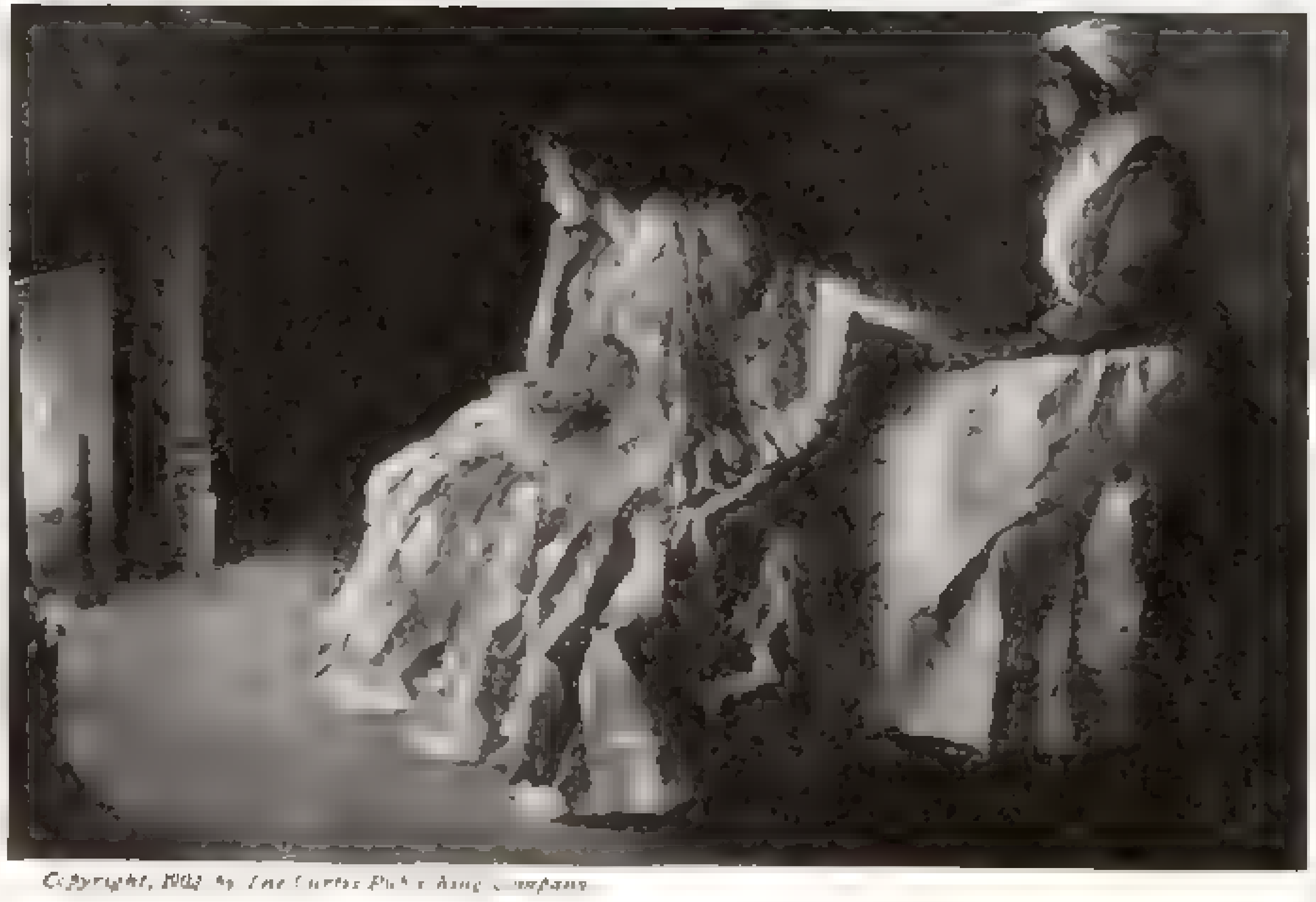
The chestnut timber-worm, offspring of a beetle which breeds in dead trees and infests wounds in live ones, is another mischief-worker. Apparently the only effective method of defense against such insect foes is to destroy all trees known to be infested, and to burn all old stumps and dead trees. Clean forest management, in a word, is the cure.

TOAST VERSUS BREAD—Paradoxically enough, it is more digestible and less nutritious. The explanation

JUST why it is that toast is more digestible than bread, and on this account more suitable for invalids, has long been a puzzling question; but recently a study of the subject was taken up by the Minnesota Experiment Station, with the result that definite facts are now ascertained.

Men at the Experiment Station were fed for periods on toast and milk exclusively, and during other periods on bread and milk. Thus, and by other means, it was found that toast is just about fifty per cent. more digestible than plain bread, but that not so much of it is actually digested. This paradox is explained by the statement that toast is digested in two-thirds of the time, but about six per cent. less of it goes to nourish the body.

Toast was made from the bread after the latter was twelve hours old. Then it was chemically analyzed, and the discovery was made that, though most of the water of the



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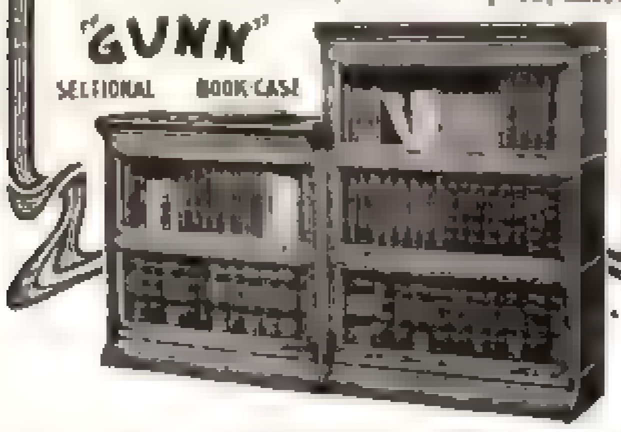

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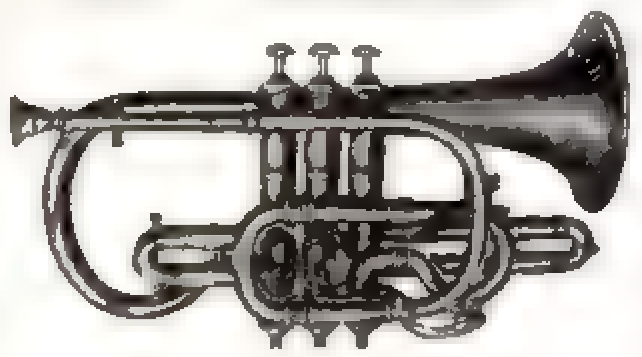

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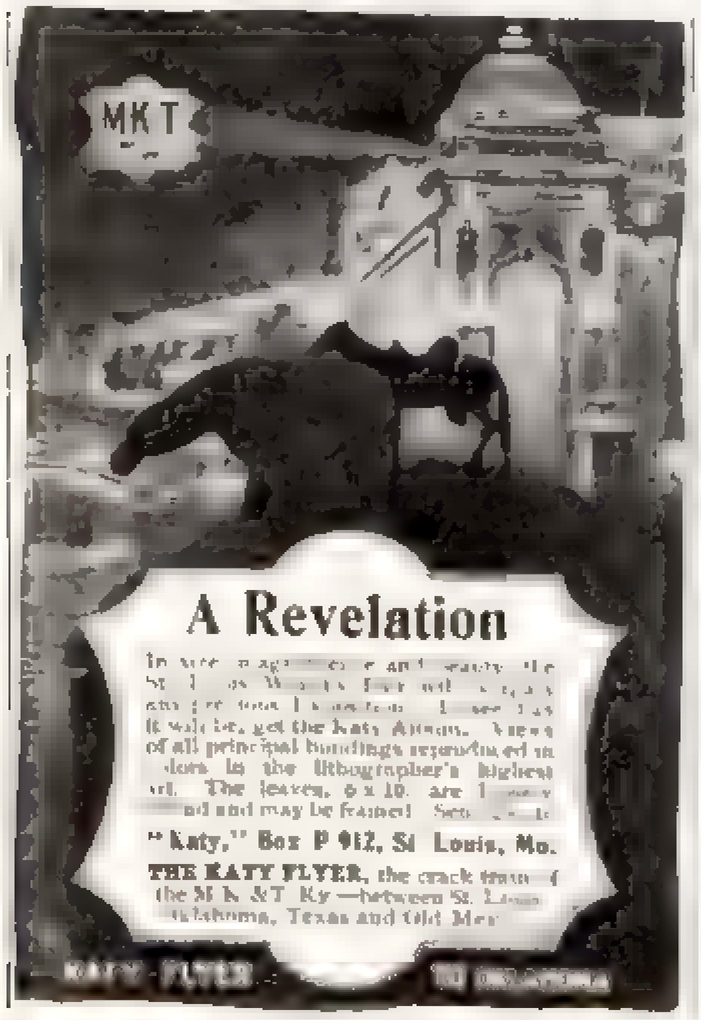

A Revelation

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bread had disappeared (owing to the action of heat), the same agent had changed part of the starch into dextrin, and had altered the "proteids," which are the stuff that go to make muscle and blood. The bread toasted was previously dried in the oven. To the sterilization of the substance, and to the change of the starch into soluble matter by the heat, might be attributed the increased digestibility of the toast, as compared to the bread from which it was made: but this conclusion is not fully indorsed by the investigators.

Toast made by the ordinary household method is not dried in the oven, but is simply exposed to high heat for a few moments, so as to "brown" it delicately. Experiments showed that such toasting penetrates ordinarily only to a slight depth, the toasted layers on both sides together not exceeding one twentieth of an inch in thickness. Yet it is a fact that such toast is much more easily digested by invalids than bread. Why? The answer is that it is mainly because of its agreeable flavor, which stimulates the flow of the digestive juices (particularly the saliva), and renders digestion more rapid.

Toast, it may be added, is an admirable sterilized food and for that reason suitable for consumption by sick people. To make yellow (light-colored) toast a temperature of 150° Centigrade is required; for dark brown toast, 170° Centigrade.

BREAD OF THE ANCIENTS — **Egyptian wheaten loaves 3500 years old are still recognizable.**

LOAVES of bread thousands of years old have recently furnished an interesting study to scientists abroad. Professors Brahm and Buchwald have analyzed a number of specimens found in Egyptian tombs, and Doctor Lindet has examined some old Roman bread dating back to before the Christian era.

The Egyptian bread was more than 3500 years old, but was still recognizable as a cereal product prepared by baking. Nay, microscopic inspection showed that the starch grains still retained their peculiar structure, while dead yeast cells were plainly discernible. The grain of which the bread was composed was emmer, which is related to our modern wheat.

These ancient Egyptian loaves had the appearance of being charred as if by fire — a circumstance due to slow oxidation by the atmosphere, going on through thousands of years. It was ascertained by experiment that the same effect could be produced upon new bread by exposing it for forty-eight hours to a temperature of 270° Fahrenheit. In either case the process was one of combustion.

The yeast employed in making the ancient loaves was probably of the same kind as the Israelites in the days of the great Pharaoh, the Oppressor, used, calling it "leaven." This was what is known nowadays as a wild yeast, its germs or spores being afloat everywhere in the air. A bit of dough was preserved out of each batch prepared for the ovens, and, when this was added to the next dough the yeast contained in it quickly spread through the whole, only a little being required to "leaven the whole lump." But when the people of Israel were wandering in the Wilderness they did not always have yeast handy, and so were obliged to eat unleavened bread.

The best examples of old Roman bread have been found at Pompeii, which, it will be remembered, was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 A. D. Forty-eight loaves were dug out of one bake-shop. These specimens markedly resembled those taken from the Egyptian tombs, and were originally composed of ground barley.

The ancient cliff dwellers of our own Southwest raised Indian corn and made their bread of it. Once in a while a loaf of it is discovered in one of their deserted houses, and speculation is naturally indulged as to the degree of its antiquity. Perhaps it is 300 or 500 years old. In that extremely dry climate it has not decayed.

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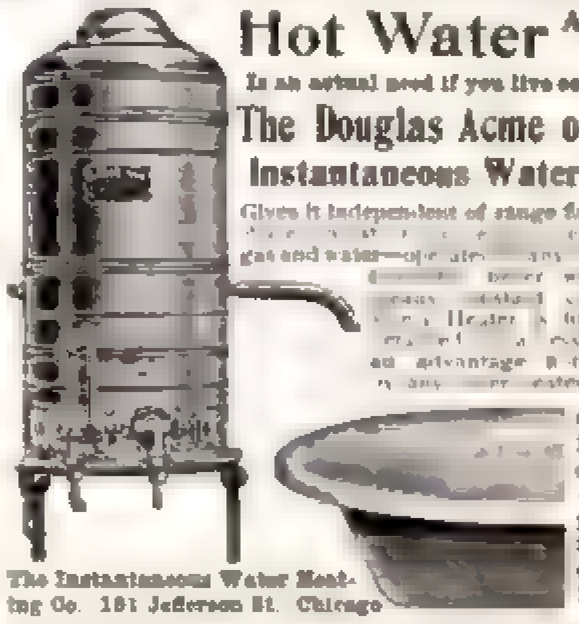

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The Little White Liars

Concluded from Page 5

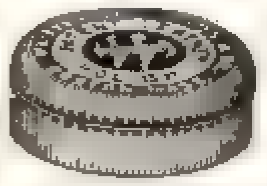
I suppose I ought to say—and he began to recover in jumps. Imagine our sensations when he commenced to eat beefsteak for breakfast and talk of taking the rehearsals in hand himself! Of course, I don't mean to say we *wanted* him to die, but in honor he was in a sort of way committed to that, just as we were to Castle Dangerous and the Last of the Romanoffs.

The Little White Liars acted abominably, and bolted in every direction. Mr. Pelliott went to Mexico, leaving a blank check and a disgraceful letter in which he said he was only a poor old man, and that positively no communications would be answered, and might Heaven have pity on his miserable head! Mrs. Pelliott slipped away with him, giving us no warning whatever of her intention; and as for Hattie Cruden and Julia Tyndall and Mrs. West, they simply melted into thin air! The Little White Liars had boiled down to Howard and me and a blank check! And all this with Standerton growing fiendishly well.

"Fortunately, Howard was very well off, but he wasn't a Monte Cristo, and the money end of it bothered him a lot. He had to make good on the book and make good quick, and he had a staggering interview with the people that advertise breakfast food! Standerton's book had to be made a thundering success, and as for the play it had at least to be played, even if it took the last dollar in the locker. The breakfast food people agreed to do both by contract, putting up a guarantee and charging Howard a perfectly ferocious price! I won't say how much, but it made Mr. Pelliott's five thousand look like thirty cents! And even then our feet weren't altogether clear, for Mr. Flyte, the senior breakfast fooder, said we had to get Standerton out of the way for two whole months. This was why we had to combine him with our honeymoon, Mr. Fitherbridge lending us his steam yacht for a West Indian cruise—and we had to hurry up our marriage so fast that there was almost a scandal.

"The breakfast food people did wonders with the money, and lived up to every word of their contract, and more. You can make the poor public eat bran or canned gravel if you go the right way about it, and, of course, they were experts about the right way. I dare say literary bran does the public less harm, and even ministers went to see the Last of the Romanoffs. Anyway, it put Julian Standerton at the top of the bran business, and he has stayed there triumphantly ever since. It was simply a case of bringing the producer and the consumer together through the medium of advertisement. Once they were hitched it only needed a typewriter to do the rest. Standerton has been doing the rest ever since. The aggravating thing is that he gives all his gratitude to Mr. Pelliott, and looks upon Howard and me as simply good-natured idiots who think it rather stylish to own a celebrity! The world is a queer place, isn't it, and doesn't stand much looking below the surface. Whenever you do one thing it starts up something else, and reaches out and hits somebody in China or Boston. It was the making of the Yiddish Ray man, for instance, and it must have cut heavily into the profits of the other bran purveyors, and it directed Mr. Pelliott's attention to Mexico with millions of American capital behind him, and it sent Jimmy Upton to Italy, where he had Roman fever and married his nurse, and, of course, Howard and I wouldn't have hit it off ourselves otherwise; and all this, if you please, from a simple and unassuming association of Little White Liars!

"Howard's awfully sweet about it, though we've been married four years now. Says I was worth every penny of the money and all the trouble and anxiety besides, and counts it the best investment he ever made in his life. Still I doubt if he would do it again, even for five me's, though if we ever have another dying genius on our hands I guess we'll let him die dead before we do anything for him. If Howard had done that with Julian Standerton he would have got me a good deal cheaper and saved himself some awful moments. But he said it was something to have it all come right in the end, and he made me name our second little boy for Standerton! Yes, *would* have it, and giggled afterward at the font, and nearly spoiled the ceremony. Underneath it all, you see, he feels it was due to Standerton that I ever married him, and I guess he doesn't want to forget it!"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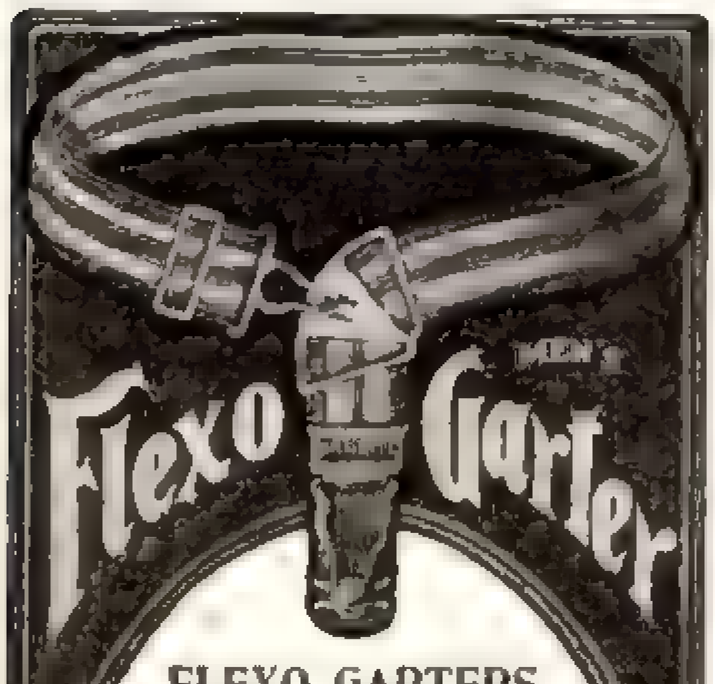

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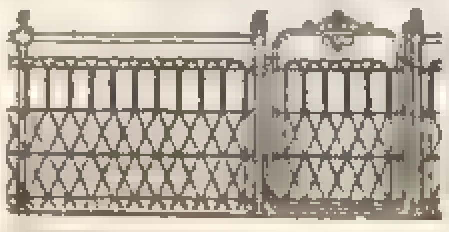
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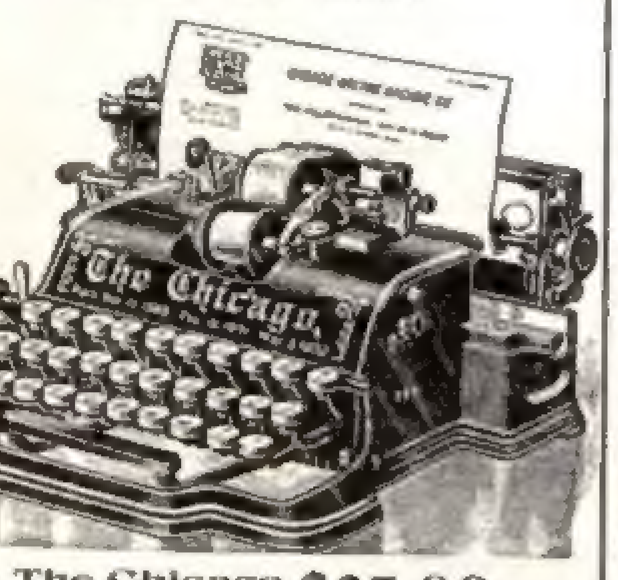

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HURRICANE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 11)

"I'll take God to witness, no, sir," said the man earnestly; "and I'll take my oath Williams and Naylor hadn't neither."

"That makes two more," said the Prince, nodding. "But where are they?"

Grant looked over his shoulder in the direction which would indicate the forecastle. "If they're not here, sir, your Highness," he said hesitatingly, "I don't know where they are. The stokers is all joined, I heard 'em say."

"Good Lord, they've made a clean sweep," said Barraclough with a laugh. "And what's this about McCrae?"

"Mr. McCrae was shot at the first, sir, in seizing the engines."

"And they've fetched her pretty nigh to a standstill," growled the first officer. "Phew! No, there she goes," he exclaimed as the screw began to bump. "They've picked her up. That'll be Crossley. He's with them, dash him!"

"Then that leaves twelve," said the purser, "and forty-odd t'other side. Oh, crikey!" he whistled, "this makes swank, don't it?"

"Silence, Mr. Lane," commanded the captain. "We must first of all be on our guard, armed, and secondly, see if we are in a position to add to our numbers. Remember, there are two ladies. But we have the deck, which can only be reached one way. The stewards, Mr. Lane?" he asked quickly.

"I'll answer for the three, and the cuisine," declared the purser boldly. "I'll go bail on them. I've known Jackson on other voyages. I engaged 'em myself."

"Then who the deuce engaged the others, I'd like to know," asked Day in his old irritable tone; at which, to the astonishment of all, a small voice broke the stillness:

"I did, sir."

We all wheeled about. It was Pye. The little man fixed his gold glasses on his nose with two fingers in his nervous way, and blinked through them at us, unruffled as a cock-sparrow that yet had doubts.

"*He*, by Heaven!" whispered Legrand to me with infinite scorn. "*He* chose 'em!"

"And I regret to find, sir," pursued Pye, "that some of them have gone wrong. I feel myself in a way responsible."

"It all comes of putting things in the hands of lawyers," said Lane with innocent recklessness.

Day looked down his nose. "Well, Mr. Pye," he said dryly, "we'll try to forgive you. You fell in with the wrong crowd. If I had known ——" he paused. "The question is, how are we to get in touch with the faithful men who may be in the forecastle?"

"If you will allow me, sir, I will venture into the forecastle and find out," said Pye with some restrained sense of importance.

"You!" cried Day in amazement; and there was a general burst of laughter, except on the part of the Prince, who was eying Pye severely, and on the part of myself, who did not see anything for ridicule in the unexpected courage of a timid man.

"I feel in a way responsible," repeated Pye, but his protest was feeble in effort, for Day put him curtly aside.

"I fear you will not do it, sir," said he.

"But I will, Captain," I called out. The Prince's eyes came over to me, leaving Pye. He nodded, and addressed Day in an undertone.

"My dear sir, they've marked you out first and foremost," said Barraclough.

"I'll back the doctor," declared Lane excitedly.

"Oh, I only go on the mission of humanity," I replied. "McCrae may not be dead. No one knows. And what's more, the mutineers have two or three cripples on their hands. They won't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

"That's true, Doctor Phillimore," remarked Day. "Well, if you have weighed the risks I will not prevent you. It is essential we should know something more. It will come to blows again, and that without notice. Mr. Morland," he hesitated, "wishes me to express his thanks for your offer."

"In that case," said I, acknowledging the compliment with a bow, "I may as well take time by the forelock," and nodding to Legrand I slipped out on the deck.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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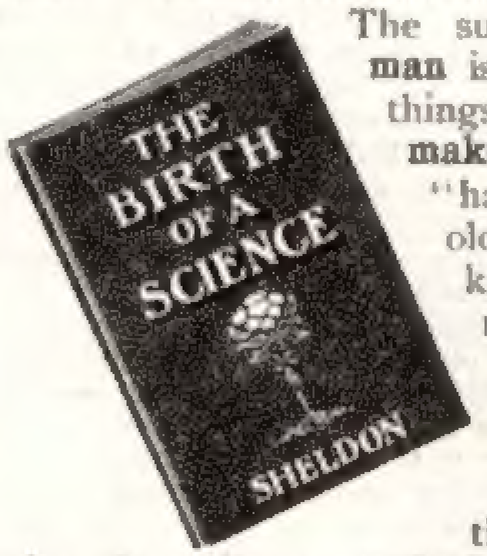
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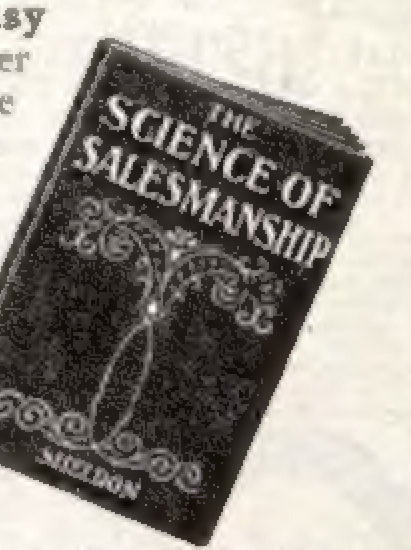

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The Lure of Department Life

(Concluded from Page 3)

honest, manly work to do. This she would not do, claiming that he had been reared too tenderly for such labor. Thus we parted. He may be loafing about Washington yet for all I know.

Some one may inquire why the superannuated employees are not discharged? Simply because no head of a department desires a reputation for cruelty which shall rival that of Herod and of Nero. If one of them is dismissed Washington is made to reverberate with lamentations, because there are several thousand departmental employees here who expect to be old some day, and they with their families and friends constitute a vast army. When they all wail in unison it is not pleasant to the ear. What, then, would be the condition of the city were the whole sixteen per cent. of incapables through age and other infirmities dismissed at once?

Sensible people will contend, and correctly, that these incompetents obstruct the transaction of public business. That is true, and the evil is augmenting constantly as the years go by rather than diminishing. What, then, is to be done? One of three things: 1, retain them, to the injury of the public and at the cost of the taxpayers; 2, dismiss them without regard to their tears and moans; or 3, establish a pension-roll from the civil walks of life. The first is expensive; the last an outrage on common-sense and justice; the second is denounced as heartless, because it is claimed that faithful public servants should not be turned out in their old age to starve. "But why haven't they saved something against the day of old age?" It is easier to ask that question than to answer it. Why is the Prodigal Son, and not the one who remained at home and toiled, the favorite theme of preachers? Suffice it to say that most of them — no matter what their salaries — do not save anything; some, on account of sickness and for other valid reasons, cannot; many of them live beyond their incomes; some are borrowing money at three and four per cent. per month. They are compelled to pay exorbitant rates of interest because the security is bad. Altogether it is a problem difficult of solution.

Honorable William H. Moody, Secretary of the Navy, is trying, so it is said, to get rid of the incapables in his department. When he was remonstrated with as to the cruelty of removing employees incapacitated by age it is reported that he said: "To give these incapacitated employees money out of my own pocket would be a charitable, perhaps a noble, act, but to give them the money of the taxpayers when they can render no service commensurate with the pay would not be right."

An investigation is now being made by a committee of the House and hearings held in the endeavor to solve this problem. Officials and heads of departments and bureaus are lining up on this side and that. The question is being argued in the public press, and much heat is being engendered. The agitation is likely to continue till a remedy is discovered, for every man who has paid attention to the situation knows that the whole system is growing top heavy and is liable to break down of its own weight.

There are bills pending before Congress to authorize the employees of the Weather Bureau to be formed into an involuntary association, whereby a certain portion of their salaries is to go into a common fund for the purpose of providing annuities for those incapacitated by age or other infirmity. If that scheme proves practicable it may be the solution of the question as to how to get rid, without seeming cruelty, of the superannuated and the helpless clerks; but many look askance at the plan, regarding it as the forerunner of a huge pension-roll from civil life. Indeed, in answer to a question which I propounded, Mr. Wadsworth, of New York, chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, and chief advocate of the bill, acknowledged on the floor of the House that that was its real purpose.

In what I have said I am in no way reflecting on the departmental employees. As a rule they are estimable folk, clean, sober, virtuous, kind, polite and attentive to their duties. What I am trying to do is to state plainly the sad and discouraging facts as they exist, thereby hoping to influence young men and women who are contemplating a departmental career from afar, but have not entered upon it, to stay away, and to persuade those who have started upon that life to flee before it is everlastingly too late.

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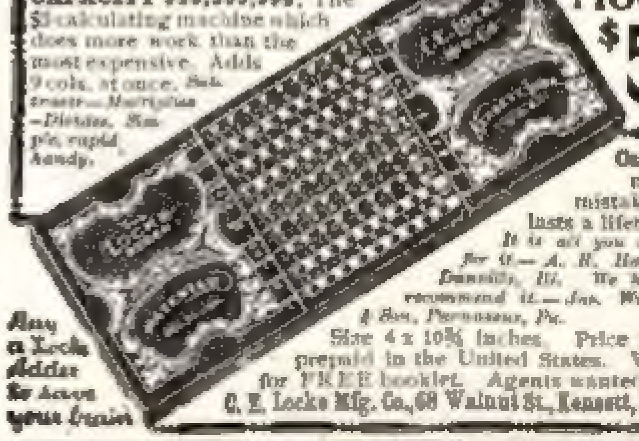

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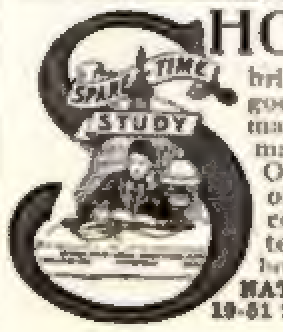

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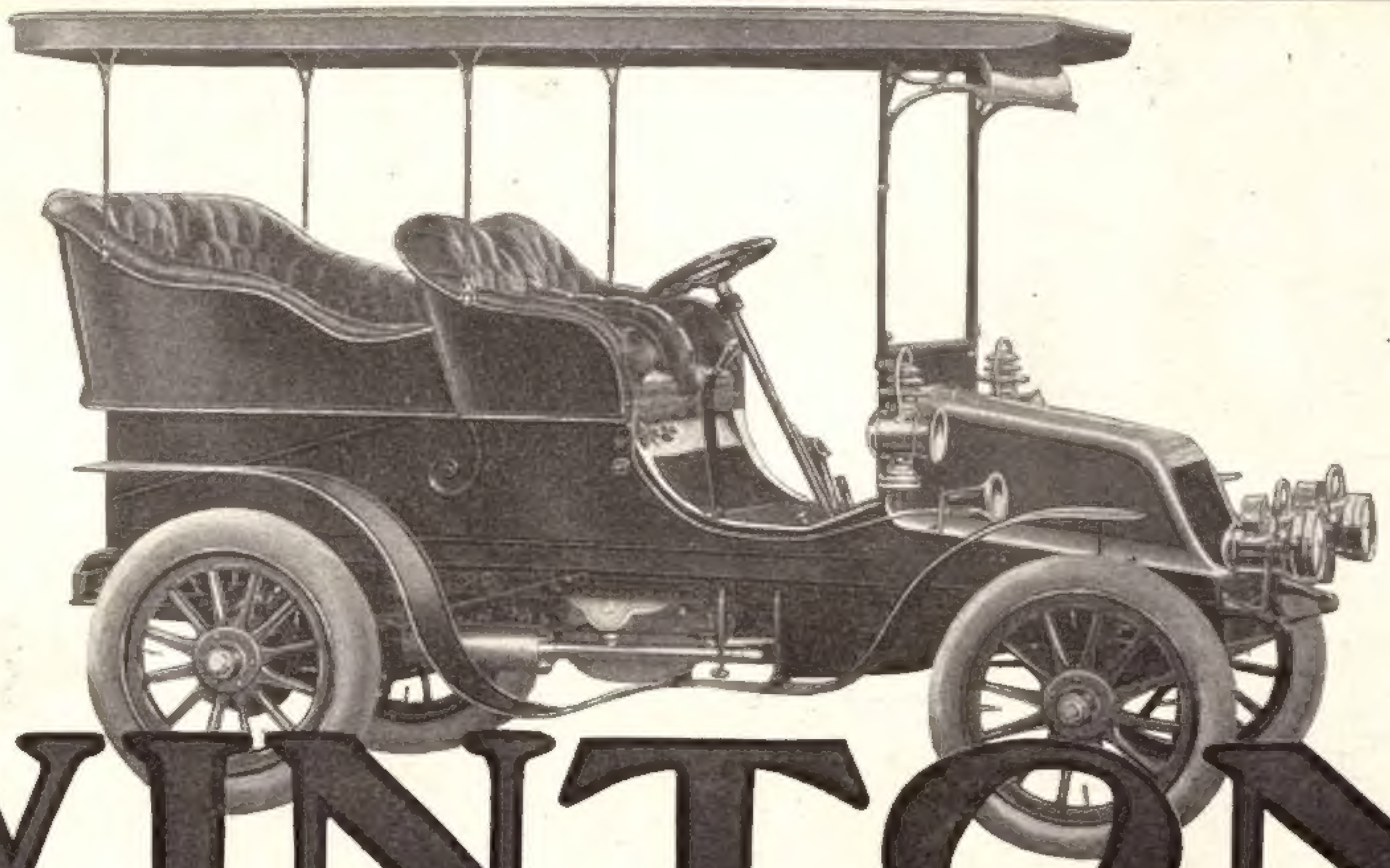

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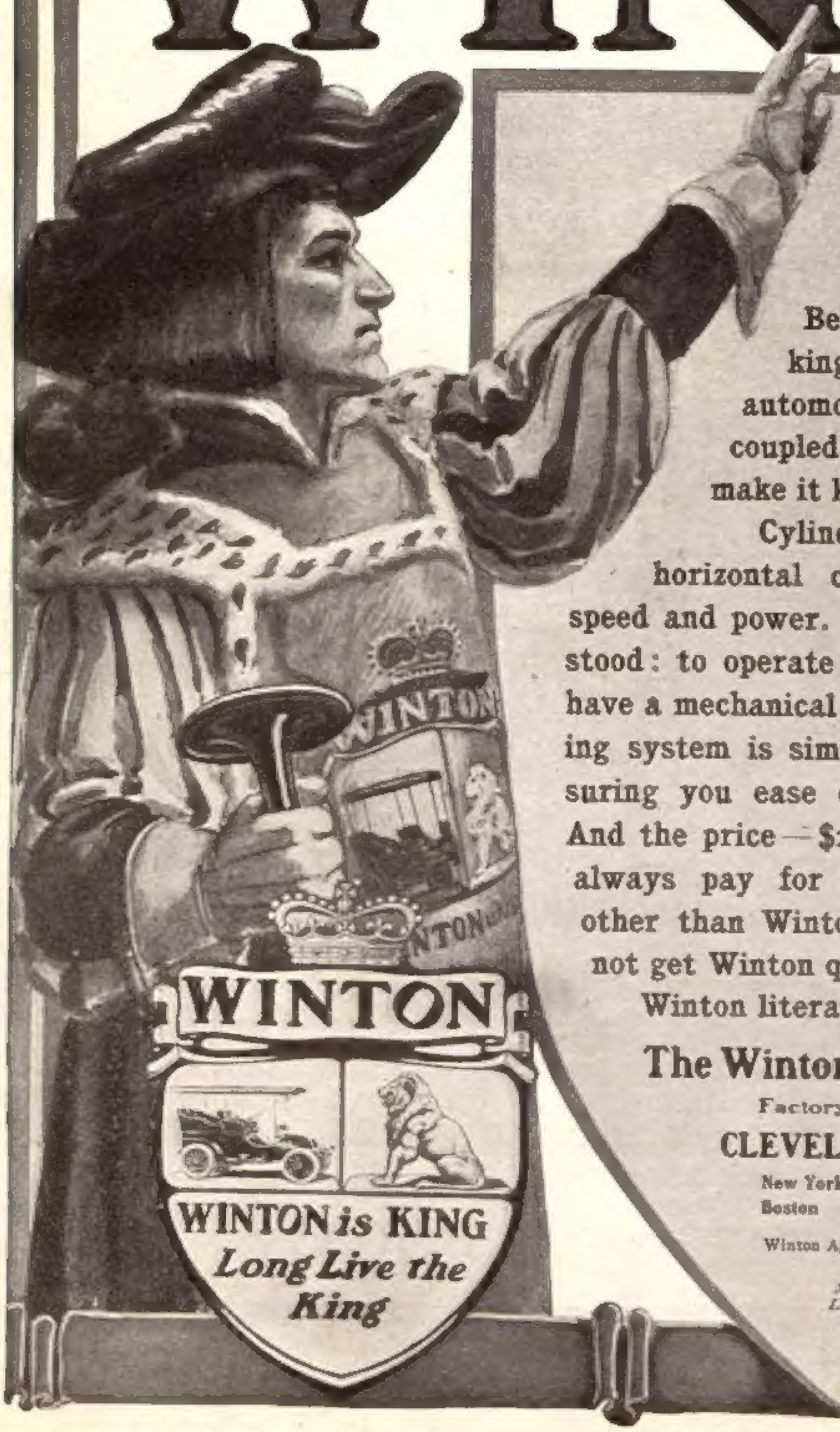

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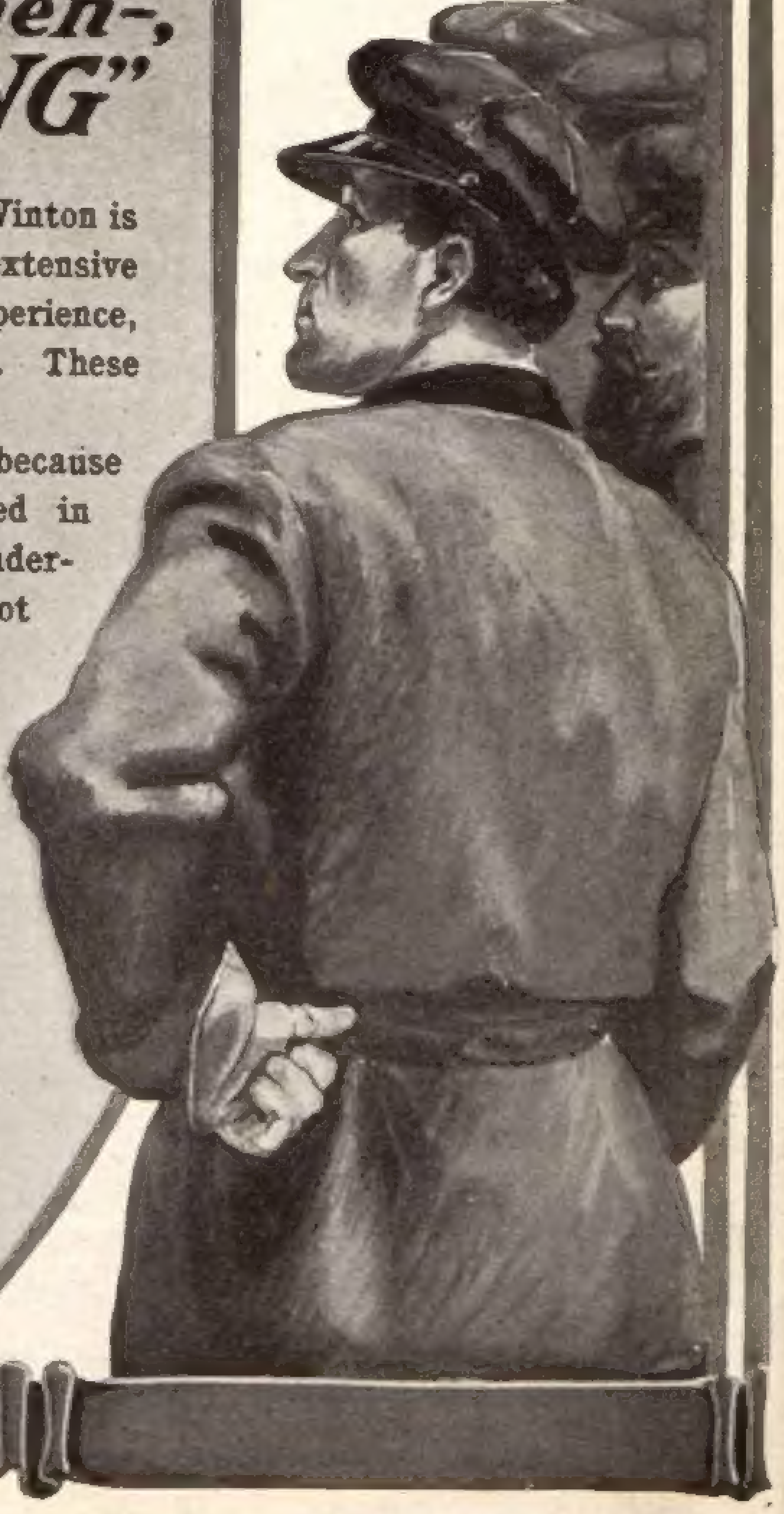

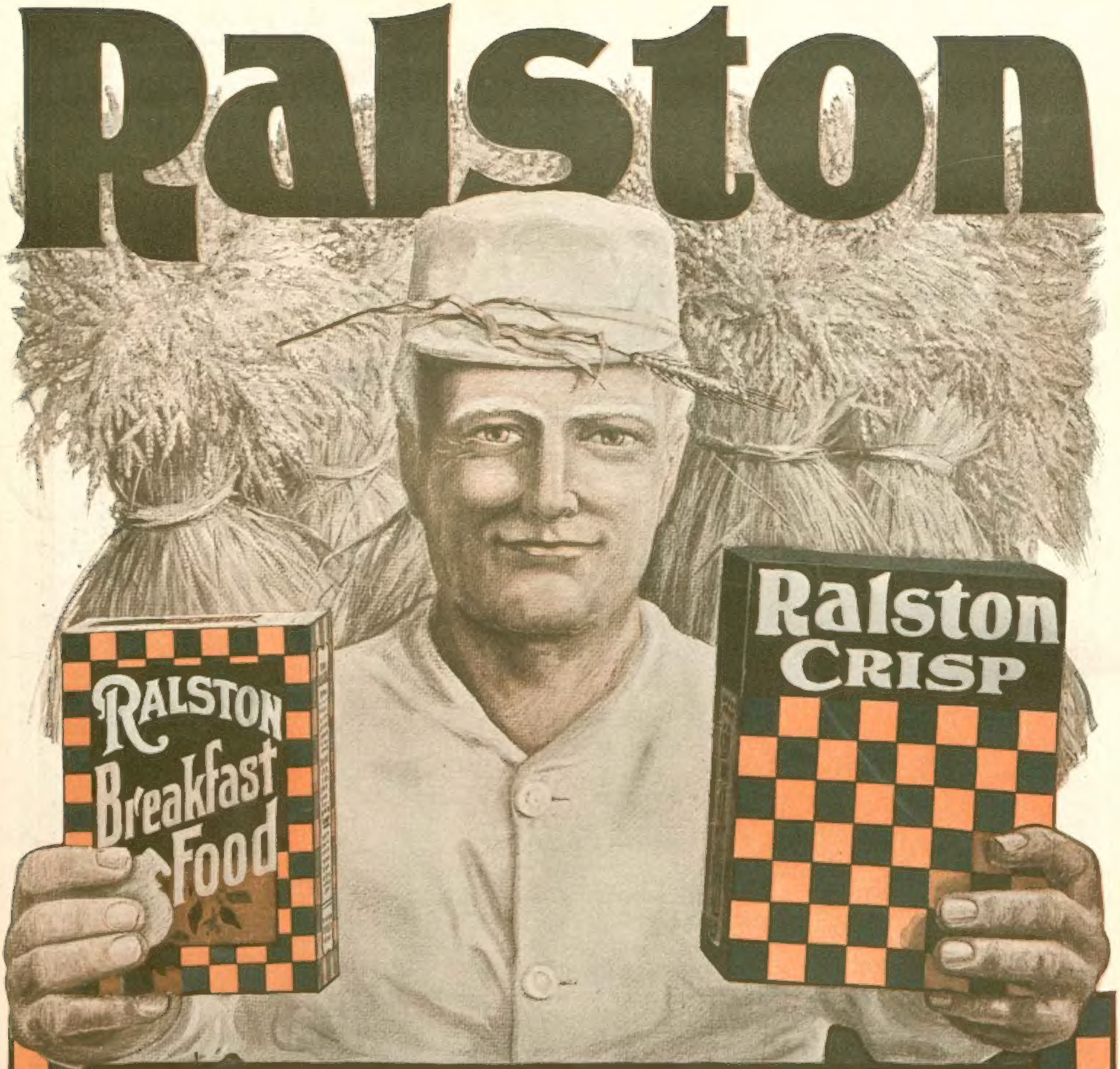

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